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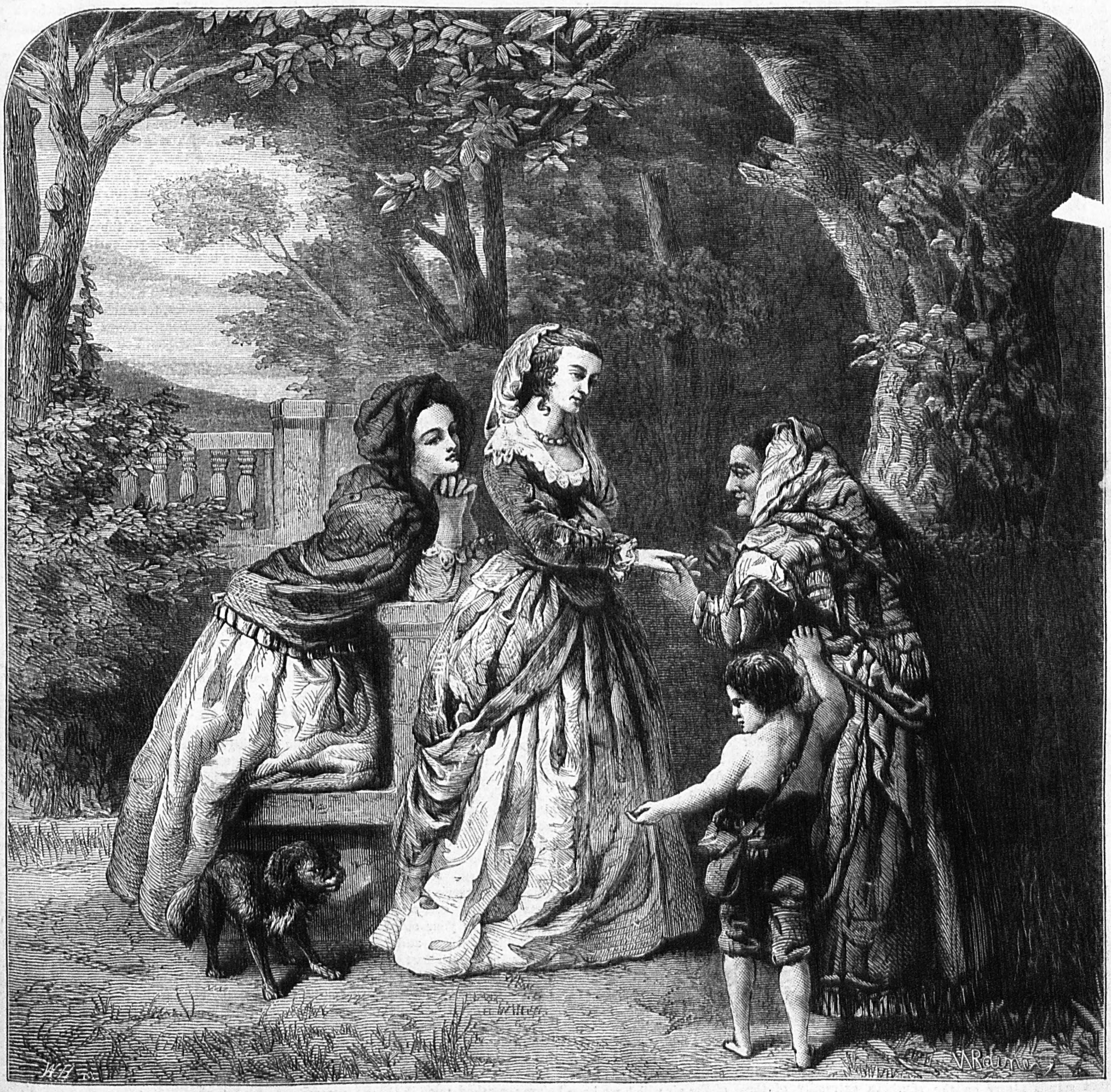

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

PICTURES
ON
ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

Babbicombe Bay.

The picture on our 20th page represents one of those quiet, secluded little bays on the south coast of Devon, in which the tourist may, if he pleases, adopt the hermit's life for awhile, and devote himself to the idling away of his time upon the sands, the reading of his favourite author, the furnishing of his mind with gems of the picturesque in the shape of pictures of rock and sea scenery. The northern and even the London reader may imagine that these are not occupations befitting the season, seeing that warnings are in sight of the closing in of pleasant days for 1871. We need not, however, make haste to regard these warnings when we are talking of Babbicombe Bay. There bright summer and mellow autumn linger long, and depart at last slowly and reluctantly. It is a nook that hides itself from the east wind and is wholly unknown to northern blasts. Only the southern sun and the western zephyr can find a way into those delightful little recesses. Babbicombe is a refuge for you if you have done with summer and still pine for the health that comes of fresh air, tempered as it is in kindly latitudes. When the sea-side season is over at Scarborough and Aberystwith, at Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Dovercourt, it is but beginning in that fair bit of country into which our artist wandered when he made this sketch. The Cary Arms Hotel and the private lodging-houses of Babbicombe prepare themselves specially for the guests of autumn and winter. Then come the semi-invalided, seeking health, and then come those who love the sea too well to leave it with the throng of hurrying travellers whose brief holiday is at an end. You may wrap your cloak around you, step down into Babbicombe, spend an hour or two under the shelter of those marble cliffs of brilliant hues, and feel less of the severity of the season than if you were walking down Whitehall or striking a tangent across Regent's Park.

The place is exceedingly beautiful. Graceful is the outline of the waters, curving in and out of the little bights and coves and lapping the pretty white sands. Picturesquely grotesque are the rocks, here high, there low; here red as a North Devon ploughed field, there white and shaped in marble; here displaying rainbow tints, and there sinking into the darkness of a cavern mouth. You are tempted to explore a hollow, made by the sea in storms, in the heart of rock, and you find much to marvel at in the natural roof formations overhead, and in the appearance of the shore and sea through the strange framework of the opening of the cave. Small as is the bay itself, it is rich in variety both of scenery and beach, and when you weary of the low ground you mount the cliffs, survey the wide expanse of sea, land, and coast, and acknowledge that you have cast your lines for the time in one of the most charming retreats in England.

There are two ordinary methods of reaching Babbicombe by land. The first and simplest is to ride or walk from Torquay, a distance of some three or four miles, by a road from which, many times during your short journey, you get fine glimpses of the sea through the branches of trees, across the undulating ridges of hills, and over the fantastic crests of cliffs. The traveller, however, who is exploring South Devon at his leisure, will take Babbicombe on his way to Torquay. Such a one, having visited Exeter, will bid adieu for a time to the railway at Dawlish, and devote himself for a few days to a pedestrian journey along the coast. The walk from Dawlish to Teignmouth, partly along the sea wall and partly on the cliff top, is not much more than three miles. When he has taken his rest and performed his duty as a visitor to Teignmouth, he will either get himself ferried across the mouth of the Teign, or cross the bridge which spans the river at a short distance from the estuary. This is, we believe, the longest bridge in England. It is 1,671 feet, or nearly a third of a mile, in length, and stands upon thirty-four arches. On arriving at the western end of the bridge, you are almost sure to encounter a tramp, loitering near the turn of the road, who begs of you the "coppers" necessary to pay the toll. If you give him the halfpence and watch him openly, he will probably pay the money at the wicket and pass through; but if you move on and pay no more heed to him, he will linger till the arrival of the next pedestrian, and beg again for toll-money. We cannot form an estimate of what such a post may be worth, but from observations surreptitiously made we should imagine it to be much more profitable than the station of a London crossing-sweeper.

Before passing along the high road you should turn aside to the left, and climb to the peak of the noble hill that stands sentry on the southern extremity of the western shore of the Teign. From that point of vantage the view of town, sea, and landscape is very grand. Teignmouth, like many a place more famous in travel, is not much to look at when you are in its streets; but it is very happily adapted to the making of a picture when you get outside of it and regard it from a height. Its colours of grey and slate harmonise with the green hills and woods in which it is set, and the little forest of shipping at the quays greatly enhances the general effect. The lover of scenery, on a summer or autumn morning, will linger long about the summit of the Ness, and turn his back at last reluctantly on the prospect of the Lower Teign, the fishing town, and the coast which stretches away eastward past Dawlish and Exmouth to Sidmouth and, in the far distance, the Dorsetshire coast. When at length he bends his steps westward, there will lie just eight miles of good road between him and Torquay. But we are not recommending him to make Torquay his immediate destination. He goes to Babbicombe. On his way, about two miles from the bridge, he arrives at a pleasant little cove, the frequent resort of pic-nic parties by boat from Teignmouth. From the road the cove is reached through the grounds of a cottage, of which the tenant advertises that he provides excursionists and gipsy-parties with tea and hot water. Leaving the little cove and journeying on by the high road, you obtain at times a fine view of the sea, pleasantly dotted with sails, while inland is a vast expanse of fields and groves, with now and then a bit of the Haldon range.

If the day is warm, and the tourist has lingered on his six-mile journey enjoying the fine landscape on the right and the sea view on the left, the Bay of Babbicombe will be a delightful haven of rest to him on his arrival there; and welcome indeed will be the hospitality of the Cary Arms and very agreeable the sea bath by-and-by in the transparent waters.

The dwellers in this happy village are proud to relate the story of a couple of visits of the present royal family to Babbicombe Bay. The following particulars of the latest of these events is thus narrated in the local chronicles:—

> On Monday, July 19th, at three o'clock, p.m., the Royal Squadron was observed by the preventive men on the heights at Babbicombe, steering for Torquay; bearing twenty to twenty-five miles S.E. The active coastguard at Babbicombe were immediately mustered in their uniforms, and were soon afloat in a fine boat, to do honour to the Royal Standard of England. As soon as the boat was seen by the Squadron, the Royal Yacht altered its course, and came within hail. To the question as to the anchorage being good, an affirmative answer having been given, the anchor was dropped, and the boat desired to come alongside the Royal Yacht. His Royal Highness Prince Albert and his private secretary stepped into the boat, and were immediately pulled on shore. The excitement among the inhabitants of the beautiful hamlet of Babbicombe was immense, and they crowded the shores and every part of the hills to give expression to their feelings of loyalty. Mrs. Whitehead received the Royal party as they landed, and Mr. Gasking, the proprietor of the beautiful hotel, the Cary Arms, which is so picturesquely situated at the foot of the cliff, caused planks to be laid down to facilitate the passage of the Royal party over the beach.
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> His Royal Highness walked to the top of the hill, where he engaged a carriage belonging to Henry Manning, coach proprietor, of St. Mary Church, requesting to be driven to the principal parts of Torquay. His Royal Highness went through the new Terrace drive from Torquay by Meadfoot to Babbicombe Hill, where an immense number of persons had assembled to show respect to the Consort of our beloved Queen. Miss Keys had the honour of conducting the Prince through the celebrated grounds of Mrs. Whitehead, with which his Royal Highness expressed himself highly gratified.
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> During the time Prince Albert was thus employed, the Prince of Wales and his brother landed with Captain Crispin, and were engaged in examining and enjoying the beauties of Mrs. Whitehead's house and grounds.
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> At the request of Her Majesty, Lieutenant Shairp, of the Coastguard Service, went on board the Royal Yacht, and was graciously requested to steer the barge along the coast, the scenery of which was much admired, and sketches were taken of some of the points most interesting. The urbanity of the Royal party was the delight of all who had the pleasure of enjoying an intercourse so unexpected and so novel.
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> On the Royal party leaving Babbicombe, Mr. Gaskin, of the Cary Arms, had the honour of presenting the Princes with a lithograph of Babbicombe taken in 1846, when Her Majesty graciously anchored in the Bay, and the Royal Squadron is seen at anchor.

Exeter.

You are to know this fair capital of Devon as the "Queen City of the West," and the "Ever Faithful." For what our valiant sons did in the days of the Armada, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth conferred the motto "Semper Fidelis;" though Exeter has had in its time its fits of disloyalty, like many a town less favoured by the smiles of monarchs. In Exeter you are constantly tempted to inquire after the city's history; for there seems something in the very atmosphere of the place to set you thinking of other days. Its principal streets somehow resemble a fine old engraving.

Everywhere is a quaintness of form, everywhere a certain harmonised irregularity. Take your stand at the foot of Fore-street, just above the bridge, and look upwards. We do not remember any other street scene quite like that. The acclivity is very great for the centre of a large town; the houses and shops and churches are very tall, very peculiar, and every bit of building differs from all the rest. It is like a street tilted up in order that you may have at one view the picture before your eye of what is going on upon the surface of it. The effect is helped a good deal by that notable clearness of the air which we have before remarked upon in these columns. No doubt, distance diminishes the apparent size of the object, but it does not, to the same extent as in our ordinary experience, render dim the details. So the spectacle is like a play or panorama, wherein some liberty is taken with the ordinary conditions of phenomena, in order to assist the spectator to discern the whole scene at once. The picture made by Fore-street Hill on a busy day, to the eye of the idle looker-on, posted at the north end of Exe Bridge, is one so striking and so full of incident that it will remain in the mind as one of the most notable spectacles that have presented themselves before his eyes in his journey through the West.

A curious feature in the structure of the city is the manner in which the churches have squeezed themselves in between the houses and the shops. We do not think there is a town in England, or in Europe, having so many little churches. They seem to crop up every few yards, and they come forward to claim attention in the oddest possible fashion. Here the square side of a tower is nearly all that impinges on the street; there only a narrow bit of wall and a clock face; and presently the whole outside of a nave, penetrated with the usual row of Gothic windows, occupies so many yards of pavement, but with no passage round the building—the end walls joining on to the neighbouring house, shop, bank, or what not. The effect of a line of church windows, partly made of coloured glass, illuminated from within, during service on Sunday evening, is very singular, when the sacred edifice is wedged in among butchers' and jewellers' shops with not much to mark the distinction between the secular and the religious pile. There are, as our readers may imagine after what we have said, many churches in Exeter which never had graveyards attached to them. Several have scarcely a foot of space to spare on any one of their four sides, and from the interior you look out upon a brick wall within arm's reach, or inspect the tiles of washhouses and the roofs of back premises.

There is a district in Exeter called the "West Quarter." The term is not one intended to correspond with "West-end," as applied to the metropolis and to many large towns. They are not streets in the West Quarter; they are acclivitous lanes, for the most part, without pavement, with a gutter running down the centre. The houses there, as almost everywhere in Exeter, are tall; but there, not quite in correspondence with the main streets, tokens of squalor, filth, improvidence, and poverty are the chief elements in the picture. Foul rags hang from the windows of every storey. Wretched women, ingeniously clothed in remnants of garments barely enough to cover them, sit upon the doorsteps or move in and out, carrying, generally, more wretched babies. The whole place swarms with children; and no wonder, for each room in these foul and repulsive-looking houses forms usually the entire dwelling-place of a family. You may go into one of these houses and find an apartment, of no size to boast of, divided into two by a cranky partition, and a family of four, five, or six living in each division. Those who have a separate bed-room often secure the boon by means of that sort of partition, and the sleeping apartment has no window in it and is in almost total darkness. The West Quarter is a foul scab upon the otherwise bright and beautiful city of Exeter, and it is permitted to exist in the very centre of the city, impinging upon the backs of houses whose fronts are the ornaments of the remarkably picturesque street which runs through Exeter from east to west. It is a good sign of the private agencies at work to counteract the evil influences of such conditions as these, that in the very midst of the West Quarter, as you explore it, you come across here a lecture room, there an adult class room, next a little library, and, a few yards further, perhaps a temperance hall. These institutions are for the most part, in appearance, very like the buildings by which they are surrounded. They are cheap, dilapidated, grotesque in construction, dingy, and not very clean. Some of the rooms are reached by ricketty ladders. They are often only an improvement by a very few degrees upon the dwelling-places of the poor people in the midst of which these moral and intellectual agencies are established. This is not their fault. Some of it is even their merit. They are maintained and carried on to a great extent by zealous men and women of small means, and they are planted thus in the midst of poverty because it has been found impossible to move the people away from the dusky region in which they live, in order to teach, improve, or entertain them.

Taking your way out of this unsavoury region, you may step, as it were, in a moment into the broad sunlight, and be dazzled by the glorious landscape that lies before you across the valley of the Exe. Never in this island out of Devon may you find green fields looking so bright, and nowhere may you gaze upon such charming slopes, so beautifully disposed. Exeter is, indeed, a city of light and shadow: the light is brilliant, the shadow is deep.

One might gossip of Exeter down column after column of this paper and never exhaust the subject; for it is a place full of notable elements, which will hardly grow common-place to the stranger though he pitch his tent there and spend many years among the people. It may be that before we have done with these pictures on the Great Western Railway, we shall compare notes with our tourist friends on some other features in Exeter life which do not form the subject-matter of our customary guide books.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

Mr. Sothern.

THE actor is more fortunate than the author in his dealings with our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic. How pleasant it would be to Mr. Wilkie Collins or Mr. Charles Reade to see associated with his own name, in connection with his latest novel, an item of gossip corresponding with the following, cut from the London Letter of a Surrey newspaper:—

> Mr. Sothern, they say, is to receive £30,000 for one year's engagement in America.

In point of justice there is no reason why the novelist whose books are appreciated in the States should not be treated as well as the player; but since American readers have it within their power to enjoy the Englishman's book without paying for the indulgence, and cannot see the original and incomparable personator of *Lord Dundreary* and *David Garrick* without inviting him to New York and taking a ticket for the play, Mr. Sothern pockets the thirty thousand and the writer gets nothing.

But, hard as it is upon the authors, there is not one of them will grudge Mr. Sothern his good fortune, and many a one will watch with great interest for the accounts which will reach them from time to time of the triumphs of the Haymarket hero in his professional journey through the States, where he will not only be cheered on the stage by all the best people of the republic, but will be fêted and petted wherever he goes, and spend his days "in clover" from the hour on which he sets foot on American soil till he steps on deck again on his return to Old England to renew his brilliant career upon the London boards.

Mr. Sothern is *par excellence* the actor of this generation. His style is fashioned on no model of fifty years ago nor upon any tradition of the last century. There used to be more formality and more rigid rules in all departments of art than obtain among the first-class men of our time. The ablest actor of olden days was of necessity more conventional than the cleverest players of our own. That was a natural consequence of stage training and of the education and the notions of the audience. There has for ages been an outcry for the natural in art, but people did not mean so much by the term as they do now. There was never a pre-Raphaelite school till our own century, and though the movement, in its specific shape, has worn itself out, its influence upon us all has been immense. Mr. Sothern is a pre-Raphaelite on the stage. He does not fall into the error of cultivating the common-place, nor can it be said of him that he always eschews the extravagant; but all the mannerism in which he dresses a character grows out of a well-considered and well-thought-out conception of what a man might be with a given bias of faculty under given circumstances. *Lord Dundreary*, with all his outrageous eccentricities, is not the mushroom growth of the stage. He is a character—and not a puppet repeating a bookful of jokes.

The English play-goer can but ill afford to lose Mr. Sothern for a year or two at a time; but we cannot help being glad—for the sake of those who, by their genius and their devoted application to this fascinating profession, have raised themselves to a position of celebrity on the boards—that the opportunity presents itself of enlarging their field of labour, and rendering their services to the public so much the more appreciated by bidding farewell now and then for a time to their admirers at home and cultivating fresh triumphs abroad. It is impossible to avoid wishing, at the same time, that the advantages which thus fall in the way of players might also be enjoyed by our distinguished literary men.

Personal Gossip.

The tendency to run into purely personal gossip is increasing among the London correspondents of country papers. It has always been our opinion that the example of the New York press would sooner or later exercise an influence in this direction on the English newspaper, and we did not deplore the possibility of such an element in our journals so greatly as some authors and readers, because we had faith in the good sense and discretion of our writers, and believed that if they grew more personal in their notes and reminiscences they would generally be guided by a reasonable amount of good taste and good feeling. Englishmen are by nature reserved, and they will object, we have no doubt, very strongly sometimes, to such revelations as are likely to be made of their habits, characteristics, and doings; but men of letters, journalists, actors, and others whose business it is to be a good deal before the public, cannot help being the objects of much public interest, and it is hardly to be expected that, in days when there is so much writing and reading, they will pass unmentioned in the published gossip of the period. If there is anything in their habits and doings which they do not like to be known, it may be the better for themselves that they should be more like what they wish the world to think them to be. The most notable specimen we can find this week of this description of personal gossip is cut from a letter by the same gentleman whose anecdote of Mr. Sala we quoted a week or two ago:—

> The "Coal Hole" is wiping out its old reproaches. I looked in there last night under that desire for social pleasure which a tired man of brains finds it impossible sometimes to resist. I am bound to admit that conscience made me linger, although of fitness I did not fondly dream. I had a nervous notion that I was going to be tried by jury, and that I should be called upon to spend more money than I can afford in treating somewhat artificial ladies, who make a living not so much by posture as imposture, to very bad champagne, at a very high price. Nothing of the kind, I assure you. I found there, in a charmingly furnished room, first, a mysterious individual whom I meet at Brindisi, at Rome, in Switzerland, and whenever I suddenly turn a corner in London—a man who, though a really good Christian with a truly evangelical proboscis, is, I believe, the original "wandering Jew." Then there was our good friend Godfrey Turner, of whose discrimination and good taste in all that relates to the physical comfort of life I could say more than I could even of his professional distinction and intellectual ability. There was Mr. Leigh, the author of the "Carols of Cockayne" (who, I am happy to be able to inform your readers, has another volume of poems in the press), who sat for the most part silent, but who never opened his mouth without making such jokes as, were I to record them, would burst your boiler and explode your machine. Like everybody else who knows him, I have an immense affection for Harry Leigh (we always call him Harry). He is one of the most modest men in the world. Unfortunately, he is slightly lazy as well. But he has the conscience, as well as the taste, of true art, and he never turns anything out of hand which will not bear the most ruthless art criticism. If ever you happen to see any really good poetry in the columns of *Fun*—poetry in which rhyme and rhythm are equally perfect, through which runs a vein of true and pure humour, and in which the purest moral sentiment finds its expression in the most delicate and dainty literary taste, you may make yourself perfectly certain that it is from the pen of Mr. Leigh. There were other blythe spirits on the occasion to which I am referring. There were actors of renown; there were authors of celebrity. Exactly at half-past eleven the most magnificent haggis I ever sat down to (and I speak impartially, for, praise be to the stars, I am not a Scotchman) was served up in glorious style. This was not a set feast. It was not a club supper. The festival, like the company, was accidental and casual; and everything was clean, neat, and homely. I, as a stranger, took the liberty of asking the name of the landlord; it was communicated to me, but as I am not paid for this paragraph, I need not mention it to your readers. Suffice it to say that I discovered in my worthy host a gentleman who, some years previously, I had seen in a round of Shakespearian performances.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Over the Spoil.

THE season is coming again. To the true-born English country sportsman, what is partridge-shooting, what is horse-racing, what is the steeplechase, or any form of amusement contrived by man, compared with fox-hunting? The fox-hunter exists all the rest of the year that he may *live* during the "season." How gladly he sees the wheat stacks carried away! How joyfully he looks upon the increasing depth of green upon the turnip field! How merry he is in his heart over the falling of autumn leaves! The fox cubs are maturing for an early run. The dogs are in careful keeping. The fine, weight-carrying hunter is assuming his very best condition, under the careful watching of the groom. The joys of the first meet of the season are close at hand, and the English country gentleman will soon be himself again.

Our picture on page 21 is not quite an incident of the chase in accordance with the ordinary events of a fox-hunt. There is something wrong; you can see it in the very expression on the faces of the dogs. A fox has been killed, but not in fair hunting; and the hounds, meeting over their dead prey, are very much concerned at the untoward incident and scarcely know what to do next. The fox is a fine fat animal, and ought to have lived for another run or two; but his days are cut short prematurely, and he will afford no more sport. Presently will the hounds be called away to unearth another fox. The brush of this one, promising as it looks, will hardly be a trophy.

Ryde Pier.

How famously the waters wash round Ryde Pier! What pleasant recollections are they of him who has leaned over the parapet when the breeze was fresh, or watched the play of the moonlight in the ripple of the waves! It is an ungrateful moment when the boat steams up that is to take the holiday-maker back to Portsmouth, and home to another year of business, unrelieved by even a spare half-hour on Ryde Pier.

We quite agree, however, with the writer of a letter in the *Isle of Wight Times*, when he insists that "Ryde Pier, sir, is Ryde." There is nothing to stop for in that town but the pier; not even a beach; and the only pleasant recollection we have of the town is the view one gets of the sea across the house-tops at the foot of one of the streets while he is standing at the upper end of the street, on the brow of the hill. The correspondent who has excited our sympathy by the remark we have quoted, has an object in writing his letter. He is a man of Ryde, and he wants the local authorities to take the pier out of the hands of the company of proprietors, and to manage it without profit for the benefit of the public and the attraction of visitors. He is right. The pier is, no doubt, a rather close borough. We will quote a passage from the letter, in the hope that increased publicity to these excellent hints may tend to bring about the desired result; for Ryde Pier is a structure in which the whole nation (of holiday-makers) are interested:—

> You cannot expect the present proprietors to do one quarter of what, in order to keep your position as one of the leading seaside resorts, must be done, viz.:—make Ryde's "only walk" the finest sea promenade in the kingdom, a place to be talked of, and talked of in such a way that it will be an inducement for visitors to come again and again, and not in the way it is now written and spoken of, which must surely have an opposite tendency. The pier head, as it now is, is in the season nothing more nor less than an excessively crowded railway platform, with the disadvantage that you are not certain for two minutes together that in the third you may not be knocked down by a break van or a luggage truck. Yes, sir, the "only place in Ryde," the only spot worth visiting, the only promenade for your thousands of visitors, where you are in constant danger of having a black eye by the knotted end of a rope coming in contact with that useful organ, thrown (always hurriedly and often incautiously) from the steamers amongst the promenaders; of being knocked about, or (even worse) being reminded in a most practical manner, that you have a corn you are careful of, by one of the numerous overworked porters as they push through with a basket of fish for our friend Hooper; or the breaking of the gear of that hideous crane—think and shudder!—or imagine, you lovers of music, the splendid bands of the 25th and 88th regiments or the Marines discoursing the choicest selections from the best operas, and within a few yards two or three steamers making the most hideous of noises, and occasionally amusing themselves by syringing you, but not like Rimmel! or within two or three feet from your seat, a break van, with two horses that may at any moment "*break* away" and scatter death—think and shudder! The truth is, sir, the through traffic has been the great study of the directory, and they have gone beyond themselves. The whole of the present pier head is not (in the season) too large to carry out this through traffic in a satisfactory manner. Then look at the refreshment room. Shades of Spiers and Pond hover o'er us! The conveniences—name them not in Gath. Of the ladies' waiting-room we know nothing, but as to the gentlemen's, well! on second thought the better way is to ask you to find it out on a hot summer's day when the pier is crowded, and then candidly say what Ryde Pier should be. Without the slightest disrespect to the directors, who have done and are doing *all* they can, it must be admitted that the whole thing is a disgrace to a town of the importance of Ryde, and, if remedies be not speedily applied, will become a bye-word and a reproach.

This gentleman's signature is "A Friend to Ryde." We think he is a very good friend, and we trust his advocacy will not be in vain.

Scollops *v.* Oysters.

We suppose there must be a good many people who eat scollops, and therefore it would be, perhaps, selfish on our part to urge very strongly the superior claims of oysters. It would be not much exaggeration, we think, to say that one of the greatest griefs of the last few years to many thousands of Englishmen has been the scarcity of oysters. We confess the feeling is one which finds an echo in our hearts, and therefore when we heard that an enterprising gentleman of Kent, well versed in the natural history of the oyster, having discovered that the estuary of Salcombe River and the harbour of Kingsbridge, in Devon, are peculiarly well adapted to the cultivation of that bivalve, had sought powers to lay down oyster beds there, the patriotic gentleman of Kent had our very best wishes. Unfortunately the enterprise has met with a violent local opposition. A protest meeting was held a few days ago at Salcombe. The following extracts from the indignation speeches will put the lover of the oyster in possession of the line of argument:—

> Captain Hill pointed out the importance of the issues involved. If the gentleman, who resides in Kent, obtained the permission he had sought from the Board of Trade, and laid down the beds he had contemplated, the harbours and immediate approaches to the ports of Salcombe and Kingsbridge would be practically under his control, and thus mariners would be legally compelled to ask his permission before anchoring their ships to enter over his ground. Moreover, such an assumption of authority would prevent dredging for scollops and netting by the fishermen of Salcombe, who to the extent of very large numbers would be thrown out of employment, especially in winter.
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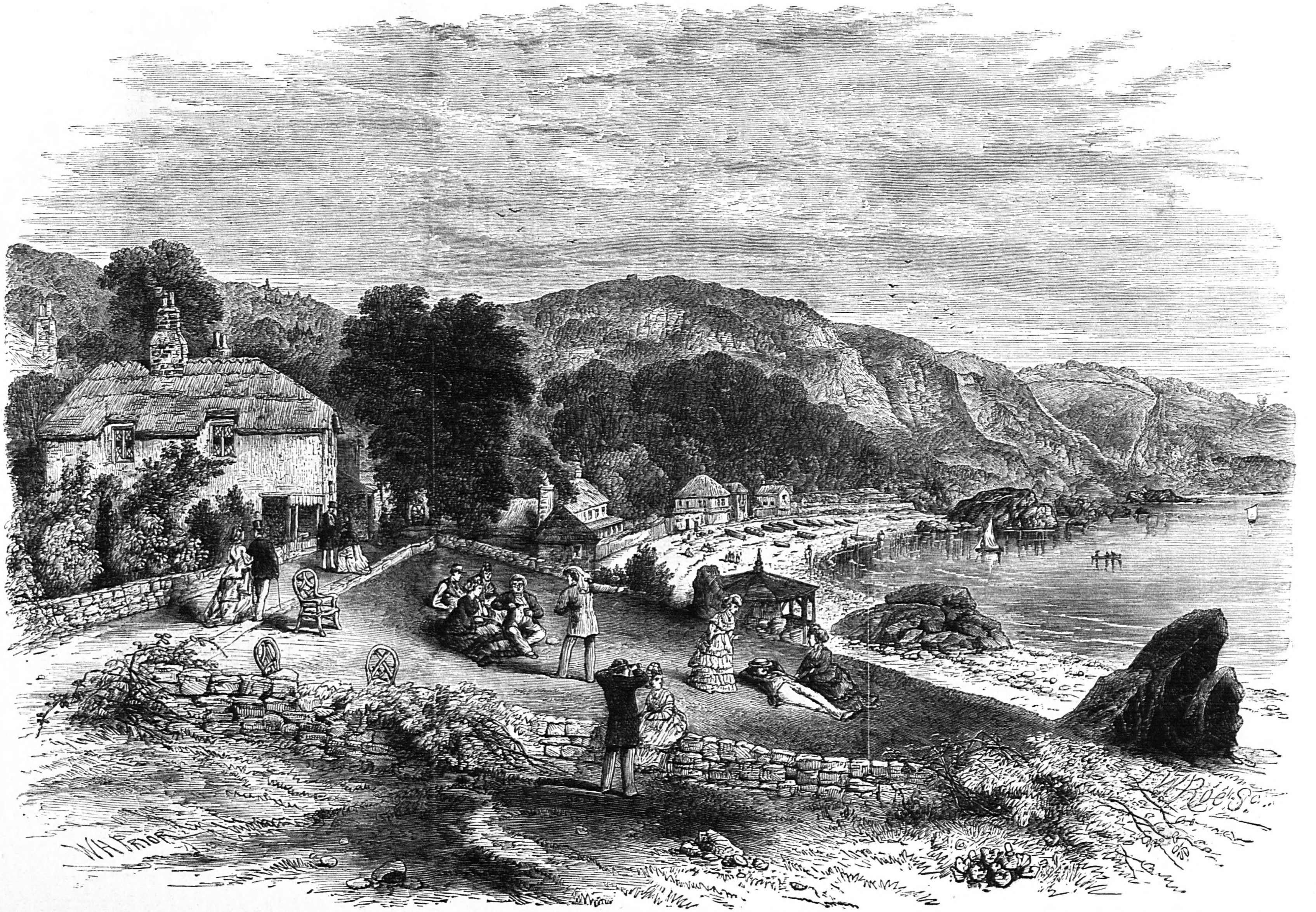
> The Rev. T. Wells said it had been an uninterrupted privilege throughout generations for the inhabitants to dredge in the river for oysters and scollops. He could, therefore, with the greatest satisfaction, concur in all that Captain Hill had said. Five hundred pounds' worth of scollops were caught in the winter of 1869. If poor men were excluded from dredging many of them would consequently be cast upon the poor rates, thus increasing taxation.

Of course resolutions pledging the meeting to "use every legitimate means to oppose the establishment of several oyster and mussel fisheries in Salcombe River" were passed in the most unanimous manner. Yet we think we detect a considerable amount of fallacy in the arguments of these gentlemen. It is not at all likely that the Board of Trade would allow the oyster master such powers in the river and port as to deprive the local authorities of legitimate and necessary control; it is beyond question that an oyster fishery properly cultivated would be more profitable and afford more employment in the neighbourhood than scollop fishing; and it would not be difficult, under circumstances like those, to secure to the locality a very considerable share of the profit made by the Kentish gentleman in the establishment of a successful oyster fishery. We trust the good people of Salcombe and Kingsbridge will take fresh counsel on the matter.

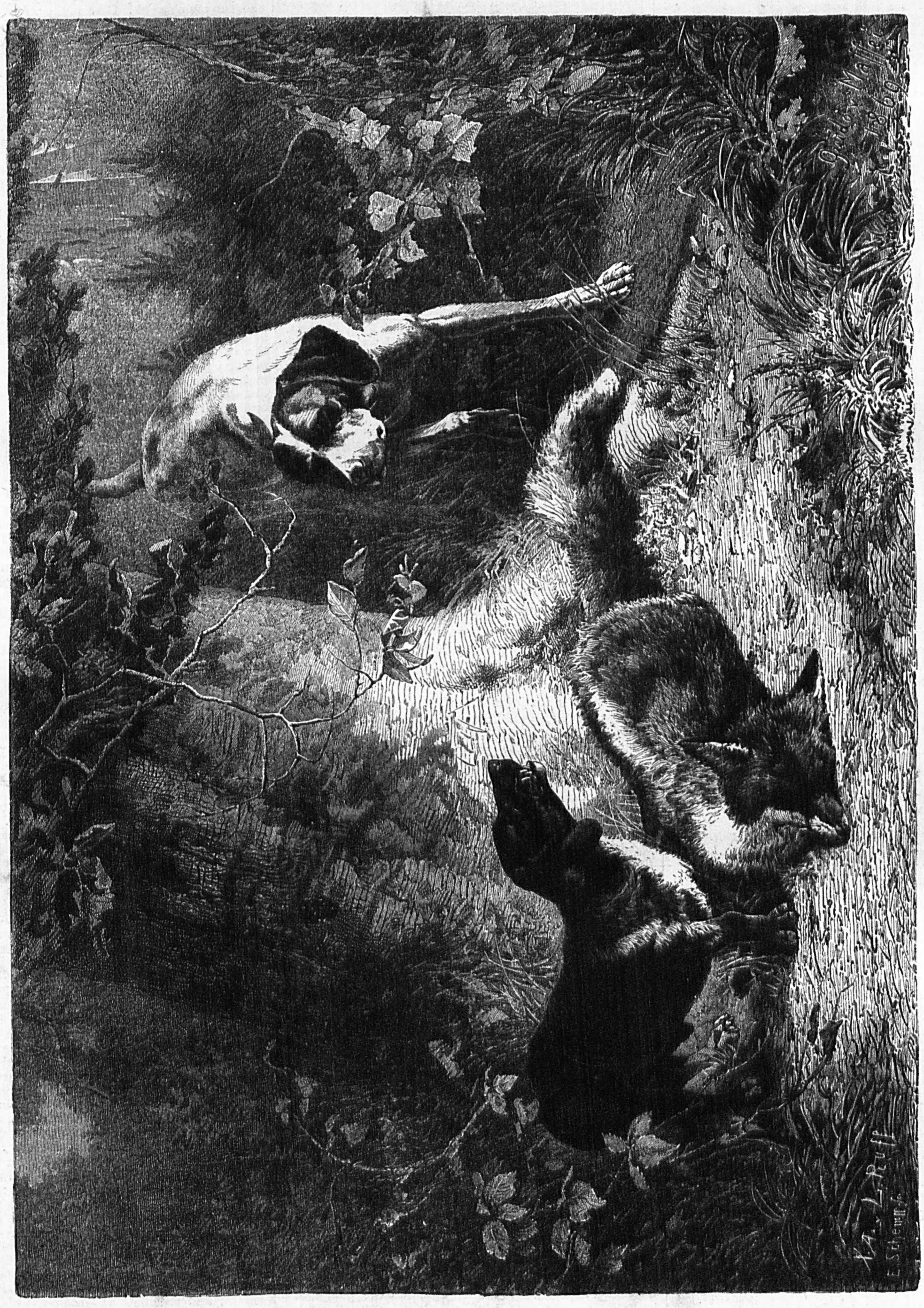
THE *Siècle* again insists on the necessity of an amnesty in favour of the Communist prisoners, on the ground that delay tends to weaken the position of M. Thiers, inasmuch as the Imperialist party may promise an amnesty in case of its success.

THE *Standard* learns that at Shoeburyness the old large grain has been recently substituted for rifle large-grain powder in experiments and practice with breech-loading guns, and that comparatively unsatisfactory results have ensued from this economy.

Borwick's Custard Powder is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [457



PICTURES ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. XII.—BABBICOMBE BAY, SOUTH DEVON.



OVER THE SPOIL.

AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.—Complete Success of the new play, "Fanchette, the Will-o'-the-Wisp," which, with its new scenery, characteristic costumes and music, and thoroughly excellent cast, is universally pronounced one of the most charming productions that has ever graced the London stage. TO-NIGHT, at Seven, BAMBOOZLING. Mr. Charles Warner. At Eight, FANCHETTE, THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP. Characters by Miss Isabel Bateman, Miss G. Pauncefort, Mrs. F. B. Egan; Mr. H. Irving, Mr. G. Belmore, Mr. Addison, &c. Concluding with TWICE KILLED. Mr. George Belmore. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open under the direction of Mr. H. Griffiths. [486

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.—The West-end popular lounge, crowded nightly with delighted audiences, all of whom testify to the excellence of the entertainments. Open every evening at 7.15. Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at 2.

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HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.—Artistic Evolutions by the incomparable Troupe, including the greatest riders of the age.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.—Open every evening at 7.15; commence at 7.45. Grand Illuminated Matinées every Wednesday and Saturday. Open at 2; commence at 2.30. Admission 6s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Private boxes, 42s. and 35s. No restriction as to dress in the stalls.—Sole Proprietor, CHARLES HENGLER.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—On VIEW, a magnificent marriage group of H.R.H. the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE, the attire being an exact facsimile of that worn in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Open (during the holidays) from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. Passengers by Metropolitan Railway stop at Baker Street Station. [489

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The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

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FOR PICTURE FRAMES, PICTURE FRAMING, MOULDINGS, &c.—EMDIN'S. [See advt. last page.] [451

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This Soap is invaluable. THE PERFUME IS RICH AND ENDURING. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet; and in Boxes of Three Cakes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. the Box.

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Wholesale and for Exportation. [436

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

LAST EXCURSION OF THE SEASON.

On SATURDAY, October 7th, the last Four Days' Excursion Train of the season will leave Paddington at 3.35, and Reading 4.45 p.m., for Chippenham, Bath, and Bristol, returning on the following Tuesday.

On Sunday, October 8th, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 8.15, and Reading 9.20 a.m., for Swindon, Chippenham, Bath, and Bristol, returning the same day.

Tickets, Handbills, and full information can be obtained at the Stations, or at Cook's Excursion Offices, 98, Fleet Street.

Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager. [490

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The only Hotel at this delightful watering-place that commands an uninterrupted view of the sea, making up 70 beds.

Table d'Hôte at Seven.

H. BLACKWELL, Proprietor. [462

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MRS. BARRATT, Manager,
(Late of the Westminster Palace Hotel). [460

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Imparts Strength to the Wrist and Forearm.

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Will prevent Cramp in the Fingers.

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Prevents Stiffness in the Joints of the Fingers.

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BIRMINGHAM Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street. [374

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

J. & P. COATS, SEWING, TATTING, AND CROCHET COTTON MANUFACTURERS, PAISLEY.
Holders of Prize Medals awarded at the London and Paris Exhibitions for Excellence of Quality.

J. & P. COATS beg to call the attention ot the Public to the IMPROVED BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON, which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they now make Six-Cord in all lengths from No. 10 to 100 inclusive.

The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the Trade ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as Six-Cord, is such to No. 40 only, being Four-Cord from 42 to 70, and Three-Cord above that number.

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NEW BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

CAPTAIN COOK: HIS LIFE, VOYAGES, AND DISCOVERIES. By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Author of "Little Ben Hadden," &c. Numerous Engravings. Imperial 16mo. 5s. boards, gilt edges.

THE TWO LITTLE BRUCES. By the Author of "Hungering and Thirsting," "Charity's Birthday Text," &c. Engravings. Fcap. 8vo. 2s. boards; 2s. 6d. extra boards, gilt edges.

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ORIGINAL FABLES. By Mrs. PROSSER, with Illustrations by Ernest Griset, Harrison Weir, Noel Humphreys, and others. Imperial 16mo., handsomely bound, gilt edges, price 4s. 6d.

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THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, OCTOBER 7, 1871.

"VIVE L'EMPEREUR" is a cry that already seems to belong to a long-past day. The *Standard*, however, says it has this week been revived in Paris. Our contemporary gets its information from the *Siècle*, which declares that at a grand dinner in the camp at Satory, the company consisting exclusively of officers of the ex-Imperial army, both M. THIERS and the Republic were well abused, while the health of the ex-EMPEROR was drunk with full honours, the company dispersing with the cry of "Vive l'Empereur." The *Standard's* correspondent, in communicating this intelligence, advances many reasons why the men of the old army should be discontented with their present position. He thinks danger may arise out of their discontent; and we concur in this opinion when we take it in connection with the eccentricities of M. THIERS.

THE Hampstead Hospital inquiry has been continued this week with little change in the character of the evidence. Never in the history of these institutions has it been our lot to listen to such sad and sickening details of mismanagement as those which have come out during this most painful inquiry. The editor of a country paper, the *Durham County Advertiser*, in a characteristic leader, says if such barbarism had been exposed in a provincial city, the London press would have been furious in its denunciation of provincial blundering and inhumanity. It is certainly strange that the affair has created comparatively little attention. We are anxious to know what the Commissioners will say and do at the end of their inquest.

THE historian fifty years hence will have a curiously interesting chapter on the pamphlets which during the last few months have inundated the bookstalls. They reflect a curious state of public nervousness and uncertainty. "The Battle of Dorking" points to the defeat of our army and navy, and it has had an enormous sale. Its predecessor, "Dame Europa's School," exhibited the nation as a coward and poltroon, and the pamphlet is the most popular of modern squibs. "The Coming Cromwell" predicts the formation of a Republic as the result of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, and among the latest of the pamphleteers this latter has had a moderate success. "Britannia in Council" is a political exposure of the incapacity of the Government, and it indicates troublous times ahead. The public buy and read these things complacently, and generally the vast majority of readers are found to agree with the sentiments of the writers. These are small matters in the history of a great nation; but they are straws upon the stream, as the historian of the next generation will tell our children and children's children.

LITERATURE.

"Hardy Flowers." By W. Robinson, F.L.S. (London: Frederick Warne and Co.) This is an excellent work for botanical students and all who take an interest in the cultivation of flowers. The work contains descriptions of upwards of thirteen hundred of the most ornamental species of hardy flowers, and directions for their arrangement and culture. Mr. Robinson, who will be remembered as the author of "Alpine Flowers for English Gardens," has taken a large field wherein to labour, his pages treating of all the ornamental, hardy, herbaceous, alpine, and bulbous plants at every elevation, from sea-shore to snowy peak. The author, by means of careful technical descriptions, enables the reader to identify plants about which he might have had doubts. Part II. is made up of an alphabetical arrangement of the most ornamental hardy flowers, with descriptions, culture, and suitable positions.

"The Modern Joe Miller." Edited by R. C. W. (London: Frederick Warne and Co.) "R. C. W.'s" is a shilling book of new and old stories, *jeux d'esprits*, *bon mots*, puns, fables, riddles, charades, puzzles, magic, and conjuring. The illustrations, some of which seem familiar to us, are not always appropriate to the matter. Our readers will not make a mistake in purchasing this book.

"Britannia in Council: A Political Retrospect." (London: Grant and Co., 102, Fleet-street.) The title foretells the construction of this pamphlet. Britannia was in a rage at what she supposed the general mismanagement of things. John (Bull) had been asked to explain his conduct during the session, and on his allusion to the army, had received a sudden prod which for a time rendered him insensible. John revived after a little. The room in which he lay had a close and musty smell. The furniture was covered, the carpets were up, the curtains down. "The whole, cheerless and dispiriting, presented such an appearance as could only be met with in the Palace of B——k——m during a London season or after an influx to our Court of Imperial and Royal visitors." The housekeeper was asked for, but John could give no satisfactory reply, and Britannia said, "I will look into matters for myself. Call William, and unloose Leo." William, we are told, was steward of the estates. Leo, an old house dog, had been a noble brute once, but on this occasion he "limped like a blind pup. His mane was matted and torn, his back both ragged and sore, his tail was without a wag, . . . the spirit of the brute had gone." As we have said, William was called. He entered with a confident and self-reliant air. "He made his usual effort to acknowledge an authority greater than his own, and did so in a manner singularly suggestive of contempt." William explained to Britannia the *menu* of the Parliamentary feast he had set before his servants, excusing himself throughout, and talking at great length of what he had done and what he had not done, until stopped by Britannia. "Enough of this! Bring me the work-book, and let me see what has been done; and by whom. First as regards my proper home—who is in charge of my navy? Have I now a navy? Goschen says so. Call him hither." Goschen made awkward excuses for the *Slaney*, *Captain*, *Psyche*, *Megæra*, *Agincourt*, and *Lord Warden*. "He knew nothing of ships, but was reported to have once floated a company." The War Minister was then called. Cardwell told Britannia her army was unequalled by any in Europe. "I last year reduced their number by 20,000. I now propose to bring them up to the old level. This is purely an economical movement. I got rid of tried men, and granted pensions. I procure raw recruits, and give bounties. . . . . Compared to your troops the Prussian Landwehr is but a band of married molly-coddles." "Only they are up to their work," interposed his listener. "What of Berkshire?" "Madam! Berkshire must up to the present be considered a great success. . . . We have, without the humiliation of defeat, discovered our want of means of transport. In our own, rather than in an enemy's country, we have ascertained the cost of 100 Pickford's vans for that purpose, and found it to be——too expensive." Britannia then asked to be told something of Lowe. William coloured, and John interposed: "Robert Lowe, or 'Australian Bob,' was in the truest sense a political freebooter." William said Robert had yielded to the ladies, who objected to a tax on match-making—what more natural? If offensive observations were continued he should make it a personal matter. William proceeded: "There is one model person specially deserving approval. Need I mention your confidential Butler?" (Bruce). Britannia: I fear he is an uninteresting person. I prefer a walk and chat with my gardener"—Acton Smee Ayrton. He approached Britannia with almost royal dignity. He gave Britannia a flower, and made a long speech to her, suggesting in the manner of Bully Bottom that he could play all parts: "I alone am fit to meet coming difficulties. Goschen's navy is pitiable, Cardwell's army puerile, Granville's administration weak, Lowe's finance ridiculous, Bruce's failures contemptible. Combine their several offices, and the country may be saved. I am at your disposal." We are told this was too much, and Britannia laughed outright. "Hish!" she exclaimed, yielding to her humour; and recalling an Adelphi attitude, "Hish! you are an audacious cuss. Shut up, do!" After Britannia had seen all her servants, she scolded William severely, concluding thus: "You tell me there is every likelihood that for a long time to come there will be plenty of work to do. I must find those who can do it." We may not agree with all the writer's strictures, though many of them are well merited; but we have no hesitation in pronouncing a high opinion of the author's capacity as writer and critic. Trenchant and powerful, this satirical pamphlet is by far the best of the scores of pamphlets which have followed "The Battle of Dorking." We understand the work is from the pen of a rising member of the bar. When the Conservatives come into office they ought to give him at the very least a County Court judgeship as a reward for "good service."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

A girl will hear any one who talks to her of a husband in the future. Above all she will listen to a gipsy, for the gipsy will paint her a husband in the most attractive colours, and, having done so, will clothe him with mystery, and promise him to the girl for money: the more the money, the sweeter the cup to the listener. "He is young!" "Yes; oh, yes." "He is handsome!" "Yes." "He is——" The gipsy will stop at a point like this, and, by reason of certain lines in the hand, will show that it is impossible to proceed in her narrative unless the charm is further crossed with silver. Then comes more money, and "nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal." The belief in fortune-telling was once as firmly established as the belief in fairies and witches; indeed, the gipsy is a member of your witch family—a woman with strange habits, and having knowledge—above all a knowledge of the weakness of other people. The gipsies are not dead. They are to be found in the byeways, in the lanes, at country fairs and village festivals. They make their fires by the roadsides as they did hundreds of years ago, and dress themselves in as many colours. They are looked upon as vagabonds, and deserve the name in some respects, although they have their good qualities—their chastity is proverbial throughout the world, but they do not escape calumny: "Be thou as pure as snow, as chaste as ice, thou shalt not escape calumny." In England roguery is the "badge of all their tribe," but they are still allowed to exist, and in their old fashion. We met a gipsy the other day at Epping Forest under the grand big trees there, and we had our fortunes told, because of the romantic associations of this old custom. Our fortune teller was a girl, pretty, clean, and well dressed in all the colours of the rainbow. When we were half-way through the charm the old trick learnt from her elders was practised: she could not proceed unless the charm was crossed again with silver. She was not like a clergyman who knows his preaching to be a lie: we have no doubt whatever she earnestly believed what she was telling us, so that the tables were turned—we did not believe, and she did. There was no frivolity in her behaviour. In her manners she was a perfect little Esmeralda; in short, a beautiful, good girl.

FRIEDRICH HALM.

Friedrich Halm is the *nom de plume* of Eligius Freiherr von Münch-Bellinghausen, the famous German dramatic author. His first work, "Grifeldis," was produced on the 30th December, 1835, at the Burg Theatre. It was successful, and the new name became well known. This was followed by "Adept" (1836), "Camoens" (1837), "Immelda Lambertazzi," "Ein mildes Urtheil," "König und Bauer" (1840), "König Wamba," "Sohn und Wildnisz" (1841), "Sampiero," "Die Kinder Cymberlin" (after Shakespeare), "Maria de Molina," "Verbot und Besebe" (1848), "Fechter von Ravenna" (1854), "Iphigenie in Delphi" (1856), "Wildsem" (1866), "Begum Somru" (1867). Besides this list Friedrich Halm has produced various other plays of less repute.

THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

There is no traveller, no matter how much he may have wandered about the earth, that would not stand with amaze on first beholding the fine bay of Rio de Janeiro. The harbour is surrounded by mountains crowned with palm trees. Great masses of rock rise from the water on every side, making the scene wild and picturesque. Two huge rocks rise at the entrance of the harbour, called O Cao d'Assancar and O Cico. At the south is another remarkable rock called Ganà. Forming a background to the bay, we have

LA SERRA DOS ORGAOS,

A separate illustration of which will be found on page 29.

LISBON.

Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, is situate on the right bank of the river Tagus, and affords a picture of great beauty from the opposite bank. Houses and public buildings rise one above another in pleasing gradation. The city will also bear close inspection, for it is remarkable for its rich and tasteful edifices, and is full of "sights," and teeming with historical associations. The National Library contains over 80,000 volumes, and there are several public academies, colleges, and scientific institutions. Lisbon is supplied with water by a stupendous aqueduct, whose principal arches cross the valley to the north-east of the city, discharging delicious water into a rocky cistern within a beautiful edifice called the "Mother of Waters." This fine work is well worth mention, for it is one of the most noteworthy things in this charming city.

Our readers will find a description of "Over the Spoil" under the heading "Country Life."

CROMWELL AND HIS DAUGHTER BEFORE THE PICTURE OF CHARLES I.

The intercession of Cromwell's daughter for Charles I. has been a favourite theme with many artists. We remember standing with wonder and admiration before a grand picture of this subject in the Louvre. There have been many stories, we may say fables, perpetrated of Cromwell and his daughter. Cromwell was subject to fits of temper, which were of a violent nature and lasted long; and at such times, when none dare approach him, we are told that his daughter could bring him to her will. Students of English history will at once remember the incident portrayed by our artist.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—For all skin diseases, however inveterate, these medicines are a sovereign remedy. While the Ointment passes through the pores of the skin as water saturates the soil, or as salt penetrates meat, the Pills act upon the blood, which they correct and purify. The whole physical machinery is thus rendered healthy, regular, and vigorous. The cure thus effected is not partial and temporary, the disease is entirely and for ever driven from the system, and the patient need not be apprehensive of its return. As these medicines have no violent action, they do not necessitate any interruption of ordinary avocations. They are composed of rare balsams, and may safely be given to young children and delicate females.

THE PRIMATE ON CHURCH TOPICS.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, attending a meeting at Dover last week to support a project of the vicar of the parish of St. Mary's (the Rev. Canon Puckle) for placing the nomination of the vicar under public trust in lieu of his appointment by the parishioners, said:—I confess to having somewhat strong feelings as to certain advertisements we see from time to time in the newspapers as to private patronage. I do not like them, and should be thankful if the Church of England could get rid of them. Why, you may ask, do I object to a man putting in a newspaper the announcement that the next presentation to such or such a living is to be had at an auction mart? The reason is, that I consider the man has forgotten his great religious responsibilities, and that, instead of looking on the matter as a trust committed to him by God, and feeling that he is bound to consider the souls of the parish of which he is called on to appoint the minister, he is treating it in a very secular, and, as I think, in a very improper manner. Now, if the accounts one reads in the newspapers of elections by very large constituencies—there are not many of them; I know of only one or two in the kingdom—be true, I am afraid we shall find that this is exactly one of those cases where extremes meet, and that the evil which is so manifest in the cases I have referred to comes into existence when the constituency is so large that each individual ceases to have a sense of personal responsibility. If that be so, it is a very great evil indeed. I am not going to lay down any rule on the subject; for I am totally incapable of judging as to what is the best conceivable mode of uniting a feeling of personal responsibility on the part of those who have to elect the minister with such a degree of freedom and openness as will take care that the matter is not made to resemble what in old times used to be called a "close borough." I don't know what proportion there should be between clergymen and laymen in any trust that might be thought right to create. All of us are bound seriously to consider what is the best mode of bringing home to the consciences of those who are the electors their great Christian responsibility in the matter of choosing a pastor of a parish whenever a vacancy occurs. As to the question of pew rents, I do not care to enter, here or elsewhere, on the abstract question, whether it is desirable that pews should be let for money. The Legislature has thought it a very good thing, and has determined that in many parishes there should be pew rents. But I do not find that this is one of those parishes. It is my impression that the letting of pews in this parish is totally illegal; and it may turn out some day that the only means of subsistence the minister has will be taken away from him. An appeal might be made to the Courts, and it might be settled that the pew rents are not legal, and thus would the bare means of living be taken away from the minister, unless you would be prepared to return to the system of church rates, which we can hardly contemplate as possible in the present generation, whatever may come in the next. The question, then, arises how you can obtain any permanent mode of support, and it is to explain the way in which such things are done that I am here. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners of England, as you are aware, are a body appointed for the purpose of providing for parishes that are poor. They have in certain parishes estates. I am afraid they have very little if any property in this particular parish of St. Mary, though I speak under correction. (Canon Puckle: Very little.) The Archbishop: So far as they have any, they are bound to do their best to raise the income of the incumbent to the moderate sum of £300. But irrespective of their having any emoluments derivable from estates or buildings, or from tithes in the parish, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, under their present arrangements, are also bound by a rule they have adopted and acted on in a thousand instances to raise the income of parishes with a certain population, a population far below that of St. Mary's, to £300 a year. Therefore, if you come to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and represent the circumstances of this parish, you may succeed in obtaining a permanent endowment. I am only one in that body, and, though I happen to be the chairman, I have no more influence than any one else; therefore what I say must be taken as only the expression of my individual opinion. On a representation of the facts, however, it being made clear that there is no legal endowment equal to £300 a year, I can conceive no other result but the raising of the income to that sum, counting of course any fees or other sources of emolument as part of it. No one can say that this is a very large income for the incumbent of such a parish; but still it is something, and it is legal when it is done, which the present mode of collecting pew rents probably is not.

THE LIGHTS FAR OUT AT SEA.

THE sunset gates were opened wide,
  Far in the crimson west,
And through them passed the wearied day
  In ruddy clouds to rest.
Now in the gloaming and the hush
  All Nature seems to dream,
And silently and one by one
  The soft lights flit and gleam;
I sit and watch them from the shore,
  Half lost in reverie,
Till darkness hides the waves between
  The lights far out at sea.

They glimmer as the far-off days
  That came long years ago,
All joyous with the light of love
  I would not see or know.
Oh! happy days, half-dimmed by years—
  Long years that stretch between
The old sweet love of long ago,
  The life that might have been.
So far! Yet through the dark'ning past
  Their brightness gleams to me,
As o'er the dark and silent waves
  The lights far out at sea.

AMUSEMENTS.

HOLBORN THEATRE.

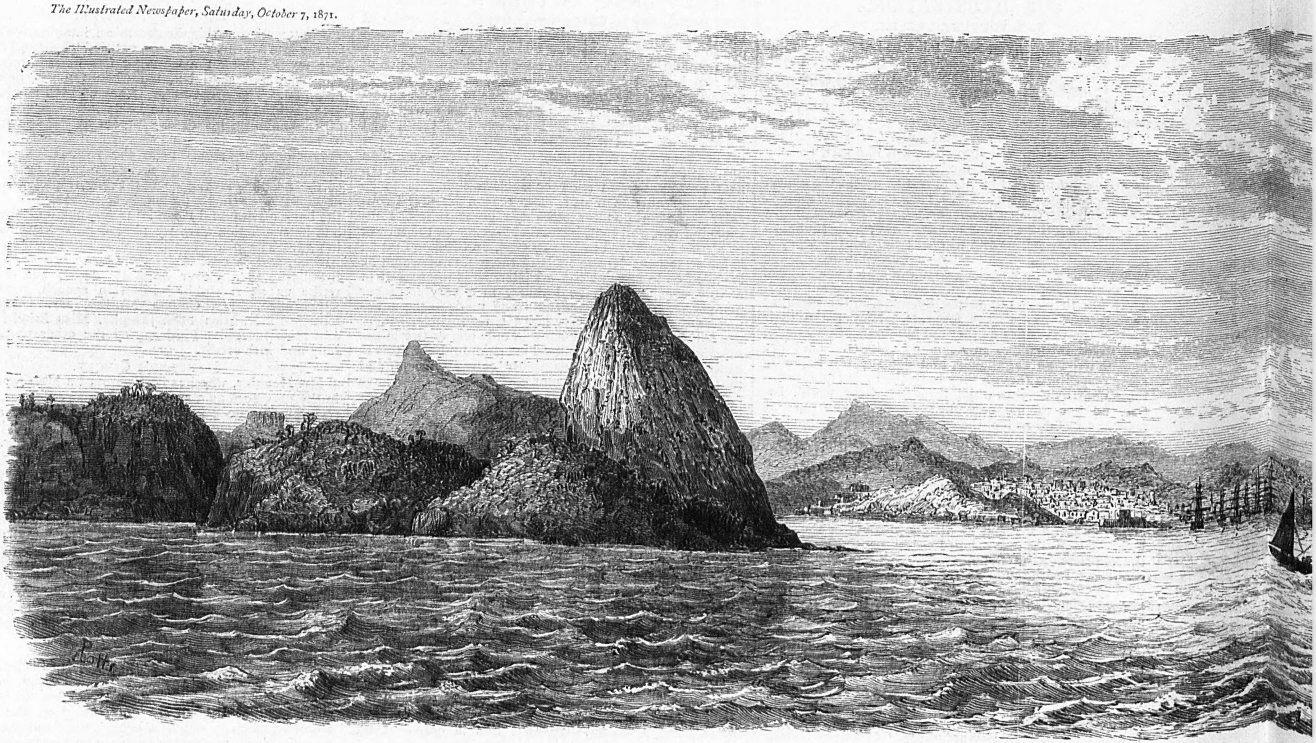
THE attraction at this theatre is an imaginative drama by the late Alexandre Dumas, entitled "Edmund Kean." We do not think the manager has been happy in his selection, and shall be glad when the programme is changed. The great actor is represented as a man of very doubtful morality. He holds intrigues with ladies of the nobility, his dressing-room at the theatre has a swing door through which his favoured dames may enter, he revels upon the river bank in masquerading costume, and reviles royalty in the face of the populace. We do not think it pretends to be anything more than a fiction, but why hang the story on the back of Edmund Kean? If the name of the actor had been a fiction also, we should have had little fault to find. The piece has been well translated from the French, and is creditably put on the boards. Mr. T. Swinburne is a clever dramatic artist, but does not strike us as resembling Kean in speech, gesture, or appearance. Mr. Gaston Murray, Mr. Odell, Mr. George Elliot, Miss Patti Josephs, Miss Ethel Euston, and Miss Josephine Fiddes, play the other parts carefully and with credit.

HENGLER'S CIRCUS.

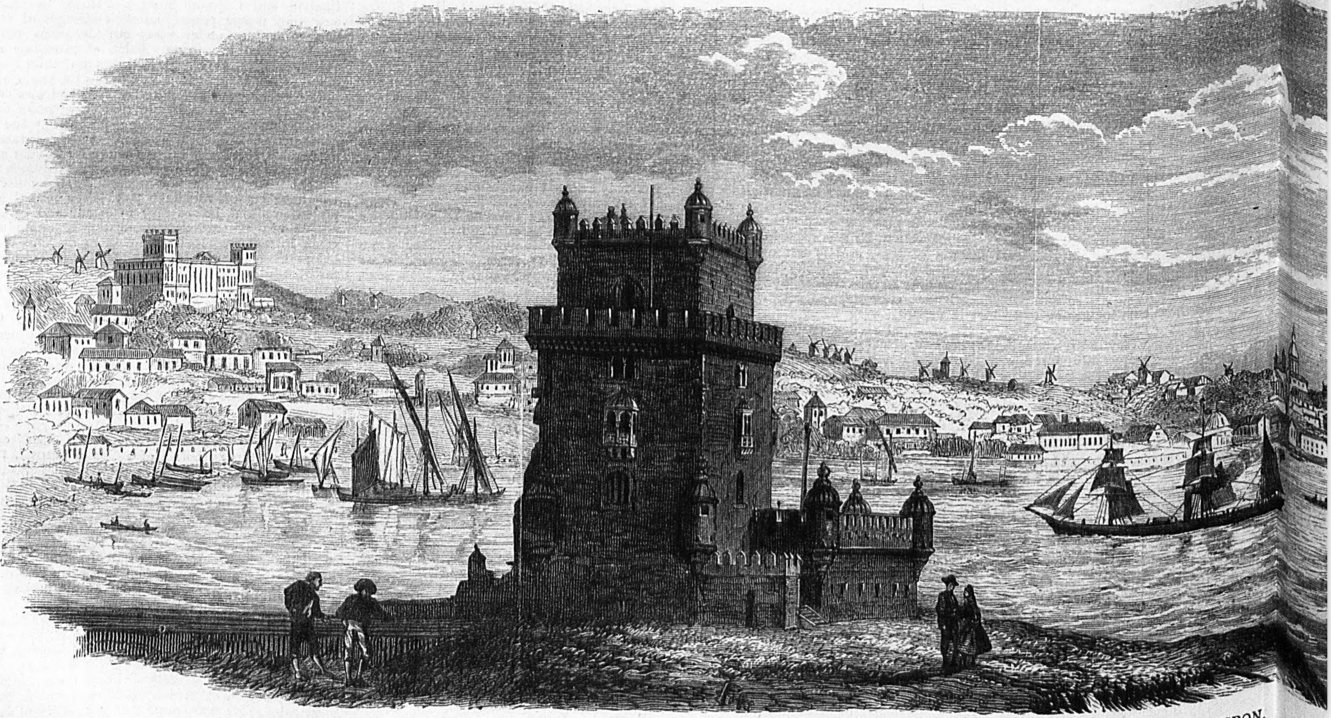
Mr. Hengler, who has long enjoyed a high reputation in the provinces as a successful circus proprietor, is now trying his fortunes in London, and promises to achieve a wonderful success. The Palais Royal in Argyll-street has been transformed into a circus, and Mr. J. T. Robinson, the architect, has made the most of the limited space at command. The stables, filled with a splendid stud of horses, are well fitted. The amphitheatre is surrounded with frieze paintings and tastefully decorated, the seats being arranged to give every one a perfect view of the entertainment. There is a large refreshment room, and Mr. Hengler's endeavour to make the public comfortable does not stop here: he has prohibited the system of fees, gratuities, and charges for booking, and thus done away with a most disagreeable accompaniment to many entertainments. The programme every evening is long and varied, and the performance tasteful and excellent.

ROUMANIA.—The *Economist* says, "A well-informed correspondent at Bucharest, in a letter which has been communicated to us, supplies a few facts about Roumania which will be interesting at the present moment, when so much is being said about the alleged repudiation of its obligations by that country. It appears that last month there was a local Government loan of £3,120,000, and, according to a list of subscribers published by the Roumanian Government, £2,520,000 was subscribed by the public, and the remainder, £600,000, was retained on account of the Department of Judicial Deposits. The correspondent whose letter we quote points to this financial transaction as 'showing the material progress of the Principalities, and proving that the habit which formerly prevailed among the inhabitants of hoarding up large sums of money, and keeping it in their possession, is yielding to the advantages of receiving interest and the facilities of letters of credit.' It is further stated that there are nearly £15,000,000 of rural bonds held in the country, whilst the Stern and Oppenheim Roumanian loans are also extensively held in the Principalities, but 'the Strousberg securities never met with favour, or they probably would not have been repudiated.' We should recommend the English and German holders of these securities before they repeat parrot-like their charges of repudiation to inquire under what circumstances the Roumanians, who are in the habit of investing in their own securities, have neglected this particular issue. If it should appear that from first to last the issue, as made to the public, was never authorised, and was contrary to the Roumanian law, and that in point of fact the Roumanian people have not got the railway line for the construction of which a conditional guarantee was authorised, there will be less cause for wonder at those who are on the spot being chary of touching such tainted obligations. The foreign holders, on the other hand, will have reason to blame themselves for not making proper inquiries before they invested, and so trusting people who pretended to bind the Roumanian State when in fact they had no power to do so. We have before expressed the opinion that the Roumanians are far from justified in their present course of action, as the Strousberg bonds were publicly issued on the European exchanges, and the alleged undue assumption of powers was not publicly repudiated at the time by any Roumanian authority. Still the Roumanians, according to the strict letter of the matter, have something on their side, and have acted under a great deal of excusable irritation—things which cannot be said of the repudiating acts of some of those very Powers whose intervention has been invoked by the Council of Foreign Bondholders."

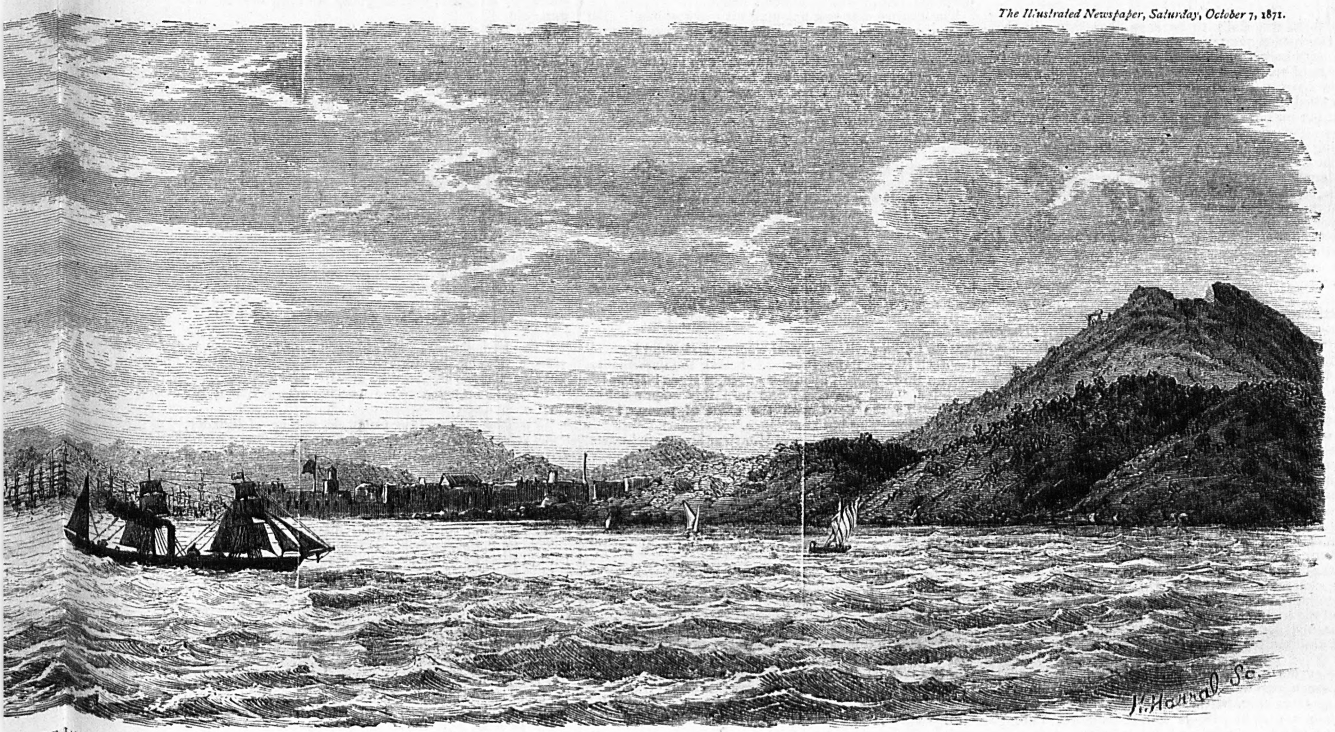
SWITZERLAND THREATENED.—The *Bund* of Berne states, on the authority of a Saxon journal, that the existence of Switzerland was one of the topics discussed at the recent interview of Gastein, and that it was decided, sooner or later, as opportunity might serve, to make a division of this little Republic between Prussia, Austria, Italy, and France. We believe (says the *Swiss Times*) with our contemporary that this supposition, which is most probably the result of a strongly developed imagination, ought not to be taken more seriously than many other hypotheses hazarded on the probable result of the interview between the two Emperors. If, however, any project of the kind has been mooted, we think it may be as well to remind the "high contracting parties," whoever they may be, that arrangements of this kind are not so easily carried out as they were at the time of the dismemberment of Poland. So far as this country is concerned, we think that she has given sufficient proof in times past of her ability to defend her territory, and we have a strong opinion upon her power both to maintain order at home and to preserve her independence, even in these days of needle-guns, mitrailleurs, and Krupp cannons.



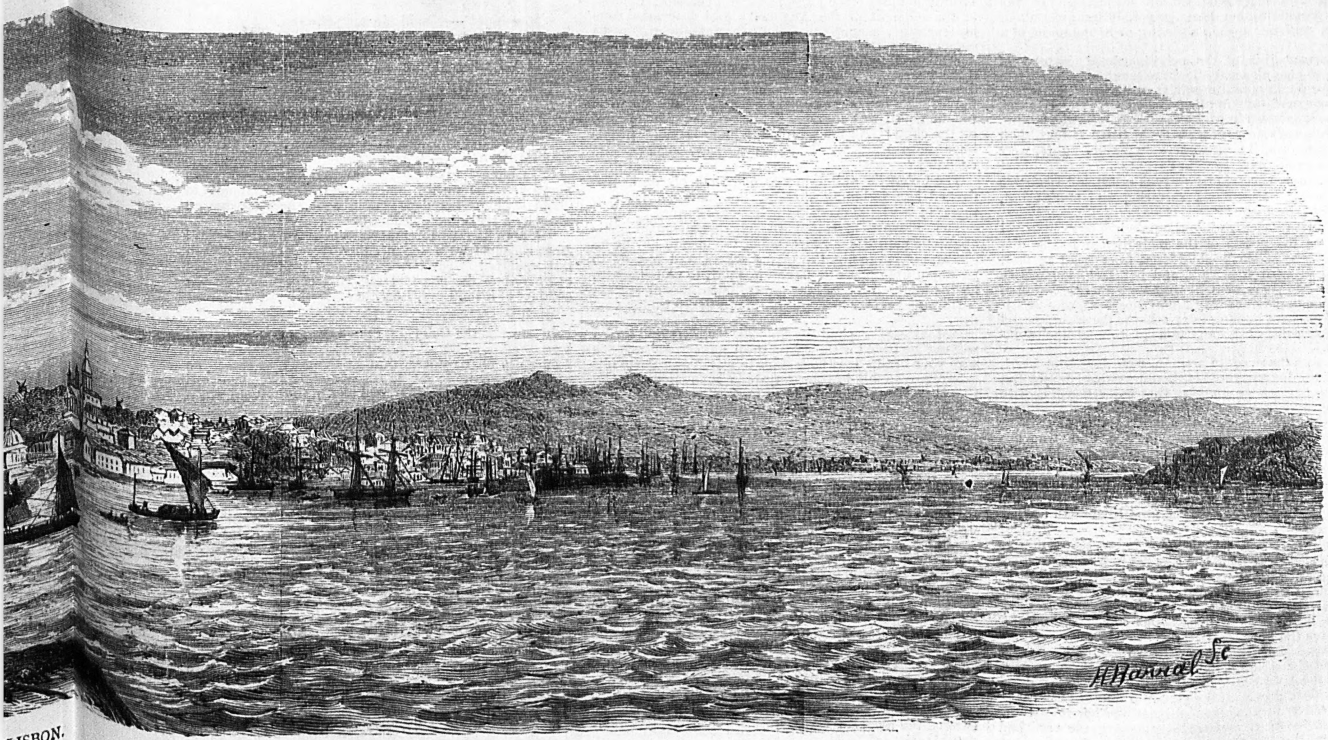
BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO



LISBON.



RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.



LISBON.

THE CHILD-STEALER.

I.

In 1815 there was daily to be seen, wandering in the Hesse-Darmstadt quarter of Mayence, a tall, emaciated woman, with hollow cheeks and haggard eyes—a frightful picture of madness. This unfortunate woman, named Christine Evig, a mattress-maker living in the narrow street called Petit Volet, at the back of the cathedral, had lost her reason through the occurrence of a terrible event.

Passing one evening along the winding street of the Trois Bateaux, leading her little daughter by the hand, and suddenly observing that she had for a moment let go of the child, and that she no longer heard the sound of its steps, the poor woman turned and called:

"Deubche! Deubche! where are you?"

Nobody answered, and the street, as far as she could see, was deserted.

Then running, crying, calling, she returned to the port, and peered into the dark water lying beneath the vessels.

Her cries and moans drew the neighbours about her; the poor mother explained to them her agonies. They joined her in making fresh search, but nothing, not a trace, not an indication, was discovered to throw light on this frightful mystery.

From that time Christine Evig had never again set foot in her home; night and day she wandered through the town, crying, in a voice growing feebler and more plaintive: "Deubche! Deubche!"

She was pitied; good people supported her, gave her food, sometimes one, sometimes another, and dressed her in their cast-off clothes. And the police, in presence of a sympathy so general, did not think it their duty to interfere and shut Christine up in a mad-house, as was usual at that period.

She was left, therefore, to go about as she liked, without any one troubling himself concerning her ways.

But what gave to the misfortune of Christine a truly sinister character was that the disappearance of her little daughter had been, as it were, the signal for several events of the same kind; a dozen children disappeared in an astonishing and inexplicable manner, and several of these children belonged to the upper rank of townspeople.

These events usually occurred at nightfall, when the street passengers were few, and every one of them was hastening home from business. A wilful child went out to the door-step of its parents' house, its mother calling to it, "Karl!" "Ludwig!" "Lotelé!"—absolutely like poor Christine. No answer. They rushed in every direction; the whole neighbourhood was ransacked; it was all over!

To describe to you the inquiries of the police, the arrests that were made, the perquisitions, the terror of families, would be a thing impossible.

Seeing one's child die is, doubtless, frightful; but to lose it without knowing what has become of it, to think that one will never know it again, that the poor little being, so feeble and tender, one has pressed to one's heart with so much love, is ill perhaps—it may be, calling for us, and we unable to help it—this passes all imagination—exceeds the power of human expression to convey it.

Now one evening in the October of that year, 1815, Christine Evig, after having strayed about the streets, had gone and seated herself on the trough of the Bishop's Fountain, her long grey hair hanging about her face, and her eyes wandering as in the midst of a dream.

The servant-girls of the neighbourhood, instead of stopping to chat as usual about the fountain, made haste to fill their pitchers and regain their masters' houses.

The poor mad-woman alone stayed there, motionless, under the icy shower in which the Rhine mist was falling. The high houses around, with their sharp gables, their latticed windows, their innumerable dormer lights, were slowly becoming enveloped in darkness.

The Bishop's Chapel clock struck seven, but Christine did not move, but still sat shivering and murmuring, "Deubche! Deubche!"

But at that moment, while the pale hue of twilight yet lingered on the points of the roofs before finally disappearing, she suddenly shuddered from head to foot, stretched forward her neck, and her face, impassible for nearly two years, was lit with such an expression of intelligence that Counsellor Trumf's servant, who was at the same moment holding her pitcher to the spout, turned in astonishment at seeing this gesture of the mad-woman's.

At the same moment a woman, with downbent head, passed along the pavement at the other side of the square, holding in her arms something that was struggling with her, enveloped in a piece of linen cloth.

Seen through the rain this woman was of striking aspect; she was hurrying away like a thief who has succeeded in effecting a robbery, dragging her rags behind her, and slinking in the shadow.

Christine Evig had extended her shrunken left hand, and a few inarticulate words fell from her lips; but suddenly a piercing cry escaped from her bosom:

"It is she!"

And bounding across the square, in less than a minute she reached the corner of the Rue des Vieilles Ferrailles, where the woman had passed out of her sight.

But there Christine stopped, breathless; the stranger was lost in the darkness of that filthy place, and nothing was to be heard but the monotonous sound of the water falling from the house-gutters.

What had passed through the mad-woman's mind? What had she remembered? Had she had some vision—one of those flashes of soul that for a moment unshroud to us the dark depths of the past? I do not know.

By whatever means, she had recovered her reason.

Without losing a moment in pursuing the vanished apparition, the unfortunate woman hurried up the Rue des Trois Bateaux as if carried along by vertigo, turning at the corner of the Place Gutenberg, rushed into the hall of the Provost, Kasper Schwartz, crying in a hissing voice;

"Monsieur le Provost, the child-stealers are discovered! Ah, quick! Listen! listen!"

The Provost was just finishing his evening meal. He was a grave, methodical man, liking to take his ease after supper. Thus the sight of this phantom greatly disturbed him, and, setting down the cup of tea he was in the act of raising to his lips, he cried:

"Good God! am I not to have a single moment's quiet during the day? Can there possibly be a more unfortunate man than I am? What does this mad-woman want with me now? Why was she allowed to come in?"

Recovering her calmness at these words, Christine replied in a suppliant manner:

"Ah, monsieur! you ask if there is a being more unfortunate than yourself; look at me—look at me!"

Her voice was broken with tears; her clenched hands put aside the long grey hair from her pale face. She was terrible to see.

"Mad! yes, my God! I have been mad; the Lord, in his mercy, hid from me my misfortune; but I am mad no longer. Oh, what I have seen! That woman was carrying off a child—for it was a child; I am sure of it."

"Go to the devil, with your woman and child! go to the devil!" cried the Provost. Seeing the unfortunate woman throw herself upon her knees, "Hans! Hans!" he cried, "will you come and turn this woman out of doors? To the devil with the office of provost! It brings me nothing but annoyance."

The servant appeared, and Monsieur Kasper Schwartz pointed to Christine:

"Show her out," he said. "To-morrow I shall certainly draw up a warrant in due form, to rid the town of this unfortunate creature. Thank Heaven, we have mad-houses."

The mad-woman laughed drearily, while the servant, full of pity for her, took her by the arm and said gently to her:

"Come, Christine—come."

She had relapsed into madness, and murmured:

"Deubche!—Deubche!"

II.

While these things were passing in the house of the Provost Kasper Schwartz, a carriage came down the Rue d'Arsenal; the sentinel on guard before the shot-park, recognising the equipage as that of Count Diderich, Colonel of the imperial regiment of Hilbourighausen, carried arms; a salute answered him from the interior of the vehicle.

The carriage, drawn at full speed, seemed as if going toward the Porte d'Allemagne, but it took the Rue de l'Homme de Fer, and stopped before the door of the Provost's house.

The Colonel, in full uniform, descended, raised his eyes, and appeared stupefied, for the shocking laughter of the mad-woman made itself heard outside of the house.

Count Diderich was a man about five-and-thirty or forty years of age, tall, with brown beard and hair, and a severe and energetic physiognomy.

He entered the Provost's hall abruptly, saw Hans leading Christine, and, without waiting to have himself announced, walked into Monsieur Schwartz's dining-room, exclaiming:

"Monsieur, the police of your district is intolerable! Twenty minutes since I stopped in front of the cathedral, at the moment of the Angelus. As I descended from my carriage, seeing the Countess of Hilbourighausen coming down the steps, I moved on one side to allow her to pass, and I then found that my son—a child of three years old, who had been seated by my side—had disappeared. The carriage-door on the side towards the bishop's house was open: advantage was taken of the moment I was engaged in lowering the steps to carry off the child! All the search and inquiries of my people have been fruitless. I am in despair, monsieur—in despair!"

The Colonel's agitation was extreme; his dark eyes flashed like lightning through the tears he tried to repress; his hand clasped the hilt of his sword.

The Provost appeared to be dumbfounded; his apathetic nature was distressed at the idea of having to rise and pass the night in giving orders, and himself to go about from place to place—in short, to recommence, for the hundredth time, the always unsuccessful search.

He would rather have put off the business till the next day.

"Monsieur," replied the Colonel, "understand that I will not be trifled with. You shall answer for my son with your head. It is your place to watch over the public security—you fail in your duty—it's scandalous! Oh, that I at least knew who has struck the blow!"

While pronouncing these incoherent words, he paced up and down the room, with clenched teeth and sombre looks.

Perspiration stood on the purple brow of Master Schwartz, who murmured, as he looked at the plate before him:

"I'm very sorry, monsieur—very sorry; but this is the tenth!—the thieves are much more clever than my detectives. What would you have me do?"

At this imprudent response the Colonel bounded with rage, and seizing the fat Provost by the shoulders, dragged him out of his arm-chair.

"What would I have you do? Is that the answer you give to a father who comes to demand of you his child?"

"Let me go, monsieur!—let me go!" roared the Provost, stifling with alarm. "In heaven's name, calm yourself! A woman—a mad-woman—Christine Evig, has just been here—she told me—yes, I remember—Hans! Hans!"

The servant, who had overheard all at the key-hole, entered the room instantly.

"Monsieur?"

"Fetch back the mad-woman."

"She's still outside, monsieur."

"Well, bring her in. Pray sit down, Colonel."

Count Diderich remained standing in the middle of the room, and a moment afterwards Christine Evig returned, haggard, and laughing insanely, as she had gone out.

Hans and a servant-girl, curious as to what was passing, stood in the open doorway open-mouthed. The Colonel, with a commanding gesture, made a sign to them to go away; then, crossing his arms in front of Master Schwartz, he cried:—

"Well, monsieur, what kind of intelligence do you expect to obtain from this unfortunate creature?"

The Provost moved, as if he were going to speak; his fat cheeks shook.

The mad-woman uttered a sort of sobbing laughter.

"Monsieur," said the Provost at length, "this woman's case is the same as your own; two years ago she lost her child, and that drove her mad."

The Colonel's eyes overflowed with tears.

"Go on," he said.

"When she came here a little while ago she appeared to have recovered a spark of reason, and told me"——

Master Schwartz paused.

"What did she tell you, monsieur?"

"That she had seen a woman carrying a child."

"Ah!"

"Thinking she was only raving, I sent her away."

The Colonel smiled bitterly.

"You sent her away?" he cried.

"Yes; she seemed to me to have relapsed into her state of madness."

"*Parbleu!*" cried the Count, in a tone of thunder, "you refuse assistance to this unfortunate woman? You drive away from her her last gleam of hope, instead of sustaining and defending her, as it is your duty to do? And you dare to retain your office!—you dare to receive the emoluments!"

He went up close to the Provost, whose wig trembled, and added, in a low, concentrated tone:

"You are a scoundrel! If I do not recover my child, I'll kill you like a dog!"

Master Schwartz, his staring eyes nearly starting from his head, his hands helplessly open, his mouth clammy, said not a word; terror held him by the throat; and besides, he knew not what to answer.

Suddenly the Colonel turned his back on him, and going to Christine, looked at her for a few seconds; then, raising his voice:

"My good woman," he said, "try and answer me. In the name of God—in the name of your child—where did you see that woman?"

He paused, and the poor woman murmured in a plaintive voice:

"Deubche!—Deubche!—they have killed her!"

The Count turned pale, and, carried away by terror, seized the mad-woman's hand.

"Answer me, unfortunate creature! answer me!" he cried.

He shook her; Christine's head fell back; she uttered a peal of frightful laughter, and said:

"Yes—yes—it is done! the wicked woman has killed it!"

The Count felt his knees giving way, and sank rather than sat down upon a chair, his elbows upon the table, his pale face between his hands, his eyes fixed, as if gazing upon some fearful scene.

The minutes passed slowly in silence.

The clock struck ten; the sound made the Colonel start. He rose, opened the door, and Christine went out.

"Monsieur"—— said Master Schwartz.

"Hold your tongue!" interrupted the Colonel, with a withering look.

And he followed the mad-woman down the dark street.

A singular idea had come into his mind.

"All is lost," he said to himself; "this unhappy woman cannot reason, cannot comprehend questions put to her; but she has seen something—her instinct may lead her."

It is almost needless to add that the Provost was amazed. The worthy magistrate lost not a moment in double-locking his door; that done, he was carried away by a noble indignation.

"A man like me threatened!—seized by the collar! Aha, Colonel! we'll see whether there are any laws in this country! To-morrow morning I shall address a complaint to the Grand Duke, and expose to him the conduct of his officers," &c., &c.

III.

Meanwhile the Colonel followed the mad-woman, and by a strange effect of the superexcitation of his senses, saw her in the darkness, through the mist, as plainly as in broad daylight; he heard her sighs, her confused words, in spite of the continual hiss of the autumn winds pouring through the deserted streets.

A few late townspeople, the collars of their coats raised to the level of their ears, their hands in their pockets, and their hats pressed down over their eyes, passed, at infrequent intervals, along the pavements; doors were heard to shut with a crash, an ill-fastened shutter banged against a wall, a tile torn from a house-top by the wind fell into the street; then, again, the immense torrent of air whirled on its course, drowning with its lugubrious voice all other sounds of the night.

It was one of those cold nights at the end of October, when the weather-cocks, shaken by the north wind, turn giddily on the high roofs, and cry with shrilly voices, "Winter! winter! winter is come!"

On reaching the wooden bridge Christine leaned over the pier and looked down into the dark muddy water that dragged itself along in the canal; then, rising with an uncertain air, she went on her way, shivering and murmuring:

"Oh! oh! it's cold!"

The Colonel, clutching the folds of his cloak with one hand, pressed the other against his heart, which felt almost ready to burst.

Eleven o'clock was struck by the Church of St. Ignatius; then midnight.

Christine Evig still went on; she had gone through the narrow streets of L'Imprimerie, of the Maillet, of the Halle aux Vins, of the Vielles Boucheries, and of the Fosses de l'Evêché.

A hundred times, in despair, the Count had said to himself that this nocturnal pursuit would lead to nothing; but, remembering that it was his last resource, he followed her as she went from place to place, stopping, now by a corner-stone, now in the recess of a wall, then continuing her uncertain course—absolutely like a homeless brute wandering at hazard in the darkness.

At length, toward one o'clock in the morning, Christine came once more into the Place de l'Evêché. The weather appeared to have cleared up somewhat; the rain no longer fell, a fresh wind swept the streets, and the moon now and then surrounded by dark clouds, now and then shining in full brilliancy, shed its rays, smooth and cold as blades of steel, upon the thousand pools of water lying in the hollows of the paving-stones.

The mad-woman tranquilly seated herself on the edge of the fountain, in the place she had occupied some hours before. For a long time she remained in the same attitude, with dull eyes, and her rags clinging to her withered form.

All the Count's hopes had vanished.

But at one of those moments when the moon, breaking through the clouds, threw its pale light upon the silent edifices, she rose suddenly, stretched forward her neck, and the Colonel, following the direction of her gaze, observed that it was plunged into the narrow lane of the Vieilles Ferrailles, about two hundred paces distant from the fountain.

At the same moment she darted forward like an arrow.

The Count followed instantly upon her steps, plunging into the block of tall old buildings that overlook the church of St. Ignatius.

The mad-woman seemed to have wings; ten times he was on the point of losing her, so rapid was her pace through these winding lanes, encumbered with carts, dung-heaps, and fagots piled before the doors on the approach of winter.

Suddenly she disappeared into a sort of blind alley, pitch-dark, and the Colonel was obliged to stop, not knowing how to proceed farther.

Fortunately, after a few seconds, the sickly yellow rays of a lamp pierced the darkness of the depths of this filthy hole, through a small cracked window-pane; this light was stationary, but now and then it was momentarily obscured by some intervening figure.

Some one was evidently awake in the lane.

What was being done?

Without hesitation the Colonel went straight toward the light.

In the midst of the obstructions he found the mad-woman, standing in the mire, her eyes staring, her mouth open, looking at the solitary light.

The appearance of the Count did not seem at all to surprise her; only, pointing to the window on the first floor in which the light was seen, she said: "It's there!" in an accent so impressive that the Count started.

Under the influence of this impulsion he sprang toward the door of the house, and with one pressure of his shoulder burst it open. Impenetrable darkness filled the place.

The mad-woman was close behind him.

"Hush!" she cried.

And, once more giving way to the unfortunate woman's instinct, the Count remained motionless and listened.

The profoundest silence reigned in the house; it might have been supposed that everybody in it was either sleeping or dead.

The clock of St. Ignatius struck two.

A faint whispering was then heard on the first floor, then a vague light appeared on a crumbling wall at the back; boards creaked above the Colonel, and the light came nearer and nearer, falling first upon a ladder staircase, a heap of old iron in a corner, a pile of wood; farther on, upon a sash-window looking out into a yard, bottles right and left, a basket of rags—a dark, ruinous, and hideous interior.

At last a tin lamp with a smoky wick, held by a small hand, as dry and sinewy as the claw of a bird of prey, was slowly projected over the stair-rail, and above the light appeared the head of an anxious-looking woman, with hair the colour of tow, bony cheeks, tall ears standing almost straight out from the head, light grey eyes glittering under deep brows; in short, a sinister being, dressed in a filthy petticoat, her feet in old shoes, her fleshless arms bare to the elbows, holding a lamp in one hand and in the other a sharp slater's hatchet.

Scarcely had this abominable being plunged her eyes into the darkness than she rushed back up the stairs with astonishing agility.

But it was too late: the Colonel had bounded after her, sword in hand, and seized the old witch by the petticoat.

"My child, wretch!" he cried; "my child!"

At this roar of the lion the hyena turned and struck at random with her hatchet.

A frightful struggle ensued; the woman, thrown down upon the stairs, tried to bite; the lamp, which had fallen on the ground, burned there, its wick sputtering in the damp and throwing changing shadows on the dusky wall.

"My child!" repeated the Colonel; "my child, or I'll kill you!"

"You—yes, you shall have your child," replied the breathless woman in an ironical tone. "Oh! it's not finished—not—I've good teeth—the coward, to—to strangle me! Ho! above there! are you deaf? Let me go—I'll—I'll tell you all!"

She was nearly exhausted, when another witch, older and more haggard, tottered down the stairs, crying: "I'm here!"

The wretch was armed with a large butcher's knife, and the Count, as he raised his eyes, saw that she was selecting a place in which to strike him between the shoulders.

He thought himself lost; a providential accident alone could save him.

The mad-woman, until then a motionless spectator, sprang upon the old woman, crying:

"It is she!—there she is! Oh, I recognise her!—she shall not escape me!"

The only answer was a gush of blood, which inundated the landing-place; the old woman had cut the unfortunate Christine's throat.

It was the work of a second.

The Colonel had time to spring to his feet and put himself on guard; seeing which, the two frightful old women fled rapidly up the stairs and disappeared in the darkness.

The flame of the smoky lamp flickered in the oil, and the Count took advantage of its last rays to follow the murderers. But on reaching the top of the stairs prudence counselled him not to abandon this point of egress.

He heard Christine breathing below, and drops of blood fell from stair to stair in the midst of the silence. It was horrible!

On the other hand, a strange sound of disturbance at the back of the den made the Count fear that the two women were attempting to escape by the windows.

Ignorance of the place had for a moment prevented his moving from the spot on which he was standing, when a ray of light shining through a glass door allowed him to see the two windows of a room looking into the alley lit by a light from without. At the same time he heard, in the alley, a loud voice call out:

"Halloo! what's going on here? A door open?"

"Come this way! come this way!" cried the Colonel.

At the same moment the light gleamed inside of the house.

"Ah!" cried the voice, "blood! The devil! I can't be mistaken—it's Christine!"

"Come here!" repeated the Colonel.

A heavy step sounded on the stairs, and the hairy face of the watchman, Sélig, with his big otter-skin cap, and his goat-skin over his shoulders, appeared at the head of the stairs, directing the light of his lantern toward the Count.

The sight of the uniform astonished the good fellow.

"Who's there?" he inquired.

"Come up, my good fellow, come up!"

"Pardon, Colonel—but, down below, there's"——

"Yes—a woman has been killed; her murderers are in this house."

The watchman ascended the few remaining stairs, and, holding up his lantern, lit the place; it was a landing about six feet square, on to which opened the door of the room in which the two women had taken refuge. A ladder on the left hand, leading up to the garret story, still farther contracted the space.

The Count's paleness astonished Sélig. However, he dared not question the Colonel, who asked:

"Who lives here?"

"Two women—a mother and daughter; they are called about the market the Jösels. The mother sells butcher's meat in the market, the daughter makes sausage meat."

The Count, recalling the words uttered by Christine in her delirium—"Poor child! they have killed it!"—was seized with giddiness, and a cold perspiration burst from his forehead.

By the most frightful chance he discovered, at the same instant, behind the stairs, a little Scotch tunic with blue and red checks, a pair of small shoes, and a black cap, thrown there out of the light. He shuddered, but an invincible power urged him on to look—to contemplate with his own eyes; he approached, therefore, trembling from head to foot, and with a faltering hand raised these articles of dress.

They had belonged to his child!

Some drops of blood stained his fingers.

Heaven knows what passed in the Count's heart. For a long while, leaning for support against the wall, with fixed eyes, arms hanging helplessly by his side, and open mouth, he remained as if stunned. But suddenly he sprang against the door with a yell of fury that terrified the watchman. Nothing could have resisted such a shock. Within the room was heard the crashing of the furniture which the two women had piled up to barricade the entrance; the building shook to its foundation. The Count disappeared into the obscurity; then came shrieks, wild cries, imprecations, hoarse clamours, from the midst of the darkness.

There was nothing human in it; it was as if wild beasts were tearing each other to pieces in the recesses of their den!

The alley filled with people. The neighbours from all sides waded into the mire, inquiring:

"What's the matter? Are they murdering one another here?"

Suddenly all became silent, and the Count, covered with wounds from a knife, his uniform in tatters, came down the stairs, his sword red to the hilt; even his moustaches were blood-stained, and those who saw him might have thought that he had been fighting in the manner of tigers.

* * * *

What more is there for me to tell you?

Colonel Diderich was cured of his wounds, and disappeared from Mayence.

The authorities of the town considered it judicious to keep these abominable details from the parents of the victims; I learned them from the watchman Sélig himself after he had become old, and retired to his village near Saarbrück. He alone knew these details, having acted as witness at the secret inquiry which was instituted before the criminal tribunal of Mayence.

THE vintage is now nearly terminated in the south of France. The growers in that district have been more fortunate than in the Lyonnais and Beaujolais, the yield having been abundant, excepting on the very dry soil, where the fruit had been burnt up by the sun.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhœa I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine. "E. T. BARRETT.

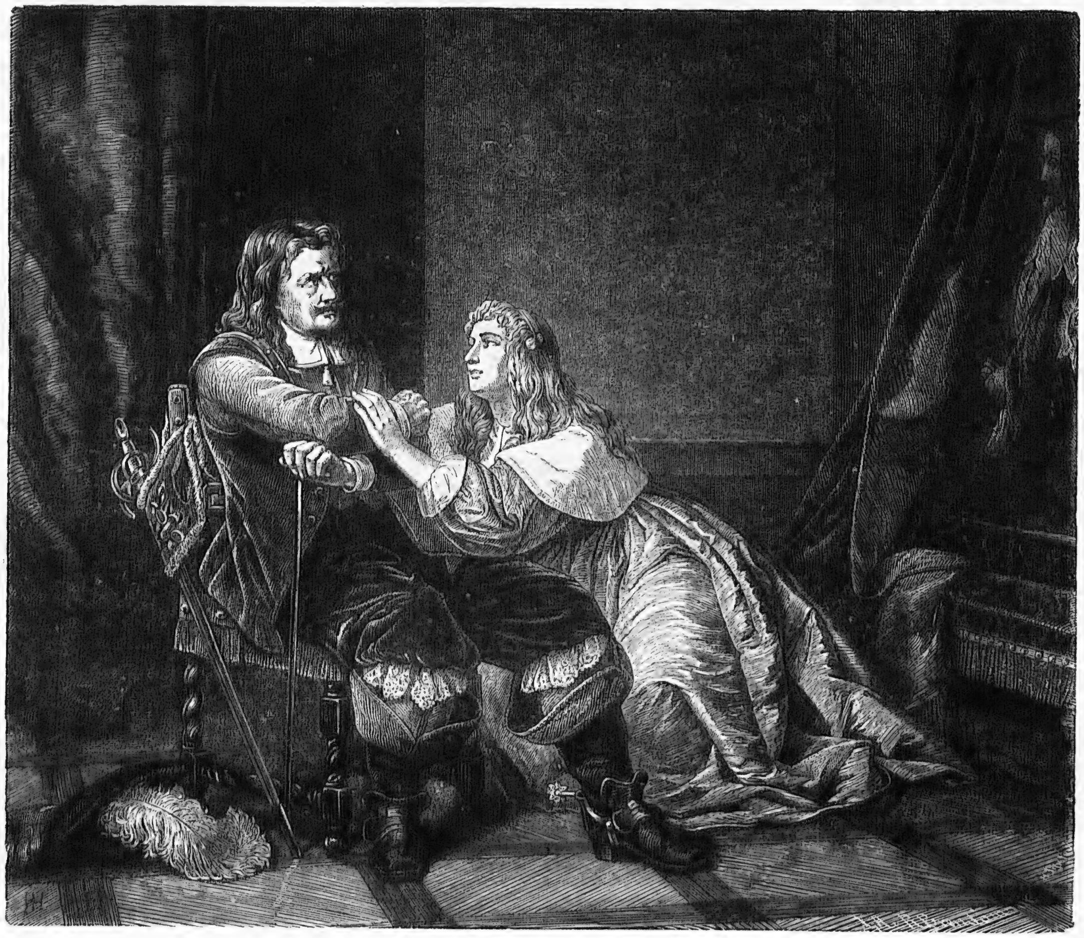
"*Surrey Chambers, Strand, July*, 1869.

"To Perry Davis & Son, London."

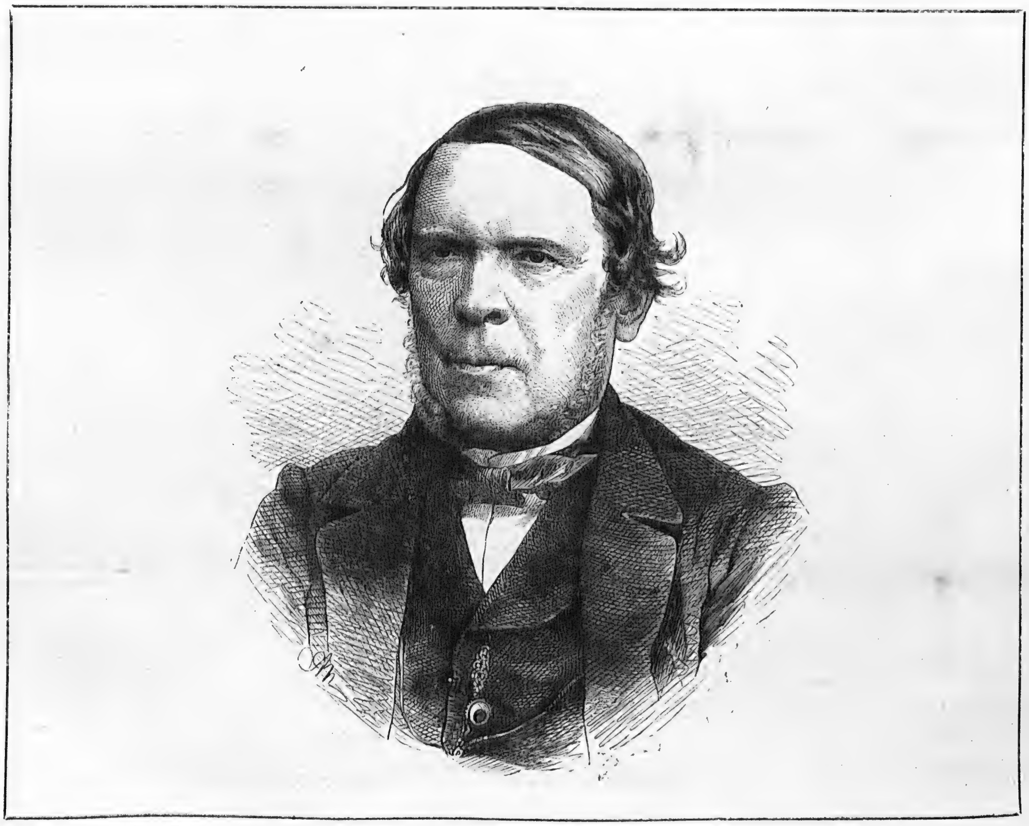
BONAPARTIST INTRIGUES.

THE Versailles correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* writes as follows:—"The Bonapartists are in motion, and reckon on turning the prorogation of the Assembly to their profit. The campaign is cleverly planned. In the papers devoted to the ex-Emperor, or bought by him, great efforts are being made to depreciate M. Thiers. Each of his words, each of his speeches, is submitted to the most merciless and unjust criticism; and while M. Thiers is shown up as an abominable dictator, the eminent services rendered by the Emperor are praised, together with the calmness, the tranquillity, the prosperity of the eighteen years of his reign. Hypocritical lamentations are lavished on the overwhelming burdens imposed on the country by the Republican Government. The effrontery is carried so far as to render the Republic responsible for the fatal war declared by the Empire against Prussia, and therefore of its consequences—the increase of the taxes. Such proceedings may unhappily be still successful in a country fatigued and enervated by such terrible struggles and such disastrous events. It is, therefore, desirable in the public interest that General Wimpffen's book, which has not been sufficiently known, should be widely circulated, for he says distinctly that after the capitulation of Sedan the Prussians already demanded the cession of the two provinces and an indemnity of four milliards. After the continuation of the war Prussia exacted the same cession of territory and an indemnity of five milliards, that is to say, a milliard more than after the capitulation of Sedan. It seems that the Bonapartist party are especially irritated against M. Thiers because the Government did not convoke the electors of Corsica some days after Abbatucci's resignation. The few Bonapartists in the Assembly intended to ask the Government if it would wait six months before holding this election, but they abandoned the idea. In any case, according to news from Corsica, it seems that the Bonapartists are bestirring themselves actively on behalf of M. Rouher, and that his success is certain. They reckon a good deal on M. Rouher's presence in the Assembly to rally round him a certain number of the representatives; and they hope, after the recess, when the discussion on taxing raw materials comes on, that M. Rouher will come forward as the champion of free trade, will attack the Protectionist theories of M. Pouyer-Quertier vigorously, and become, after a striking success, the leader of the Right. These hopes are perhaps not altogether without foundation, judging from the violence with which the Right has up till now attacked the 4th of September." The *Siècle* hears from Corsica that, with the exception of the Prefect, who is a Republican, all the officials, whether civil or military, are avowed Bonapartists. Those who were removed after the 4th of September have been replaced. The head of M. Reybaud undertook the nomination of judges of the peace. The police, the *gendarmerie*, the clerks, the sub-prefects, the receivers, the mayors, the deputy-mayors are all acknowledged Bonapartists. The Corsicans who could not be placed on the mainland are either at Ajaccio or Bastia. The whole of these are exerting themselves in favour of M. Rouher, and preparing the way for his canvass. The Republican party, which is both numerous and intelligent, lacks discipline and cohesion; and, moreover, in a country which was the nursery of the administration and the police of France, the support of the authorities is all powerful. Three or four candidates will be brought forward to oppose the ex-vice-Emperor; and, while the Republican and Liberal votes are thus divided, those of the Bonapartists, concentrated in one candidate, will certainly have the majority. It is certain that neither M. Thiers nor his Ministers, nor even the majority of that Assembly which on the 1st of March pronounced the deposition of the Empire, will be pleased at M. Rouher's entrance into the Chamber. But matters are allowed to go on. M. Gavini has his way; M. Reybaud is listened to, and everything is left adrift in a department that greatly needs purifying from its rank Bonapartism. M. Limparani is, indeed, a frank and honest Republican and a Corsican deputy, but he preaches in the desert.

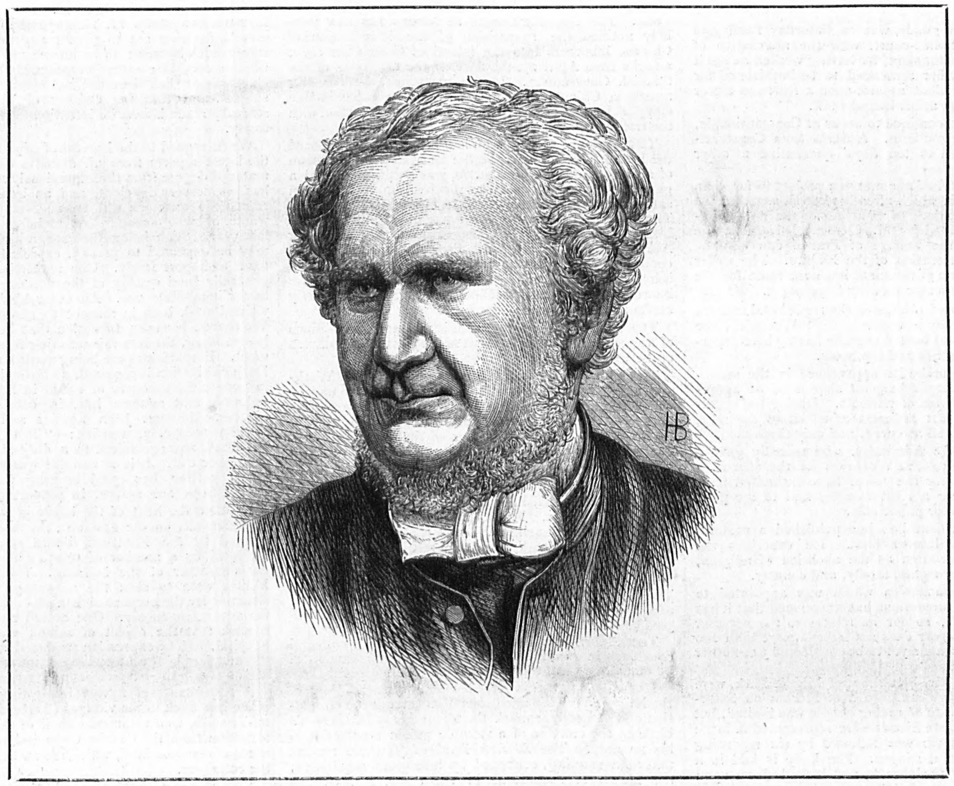
EXPERIENCES OF THE LATE CAMPAIGN.—The following extract from a letter written at one of the encampments in Berkshire is not destitute of interest. It is the production of a private soldier, and probably conveys a pretty accurate notion of the view taken of the autumn campaign in the ranks:—"Since Tuesday I, with the other men of the battalion, have been so much worked and humbugged about that we are now about ripe for an outburst of regimental indignation. On Tuesday we left Cove and marched to Chobham Ridges; the following morning were up at four, and marched to Chobham town, village, or city, I can't make out which is proper; some say one, some the other. There we were out all night without food or covering of any kind. We were nearly frozen to death by morning. We marched back to Chobham about nine on Thursday, and marched the following morning to what is called the Hog's Back, a number of hills so called from looking like a hog's back. Left there on Saturday, and fought our first battle, marching on that occasion twenty-five miles, the whole of which was done on a dry crust; no water to be had for love or money. We passed the canal at Ash, and Jack Ketch (the colonel) would not allow either officer or man to take a drop. If ever you saw bullocks driven we were much worse—cursing, swearing, shouting, &c. The non-coms. had to pull the men along. Arrived again at Chobham Ridges, we found to our very great satisfaction that no rations had been drawn, but after some time we got some preserved Australian carrot soup. This was the signal for a general uproar, which was not put a stop to till we were promised an extra day's food, which was to be issued at six this morning. It is almost needless to tell you that the promise was, as usual, like pie-crust. I can assure you that we have had only two meat dinners since Tuesday, and one was to-day, which, being Sunday, is quite a treat. Such is the life we are enjoying at present."



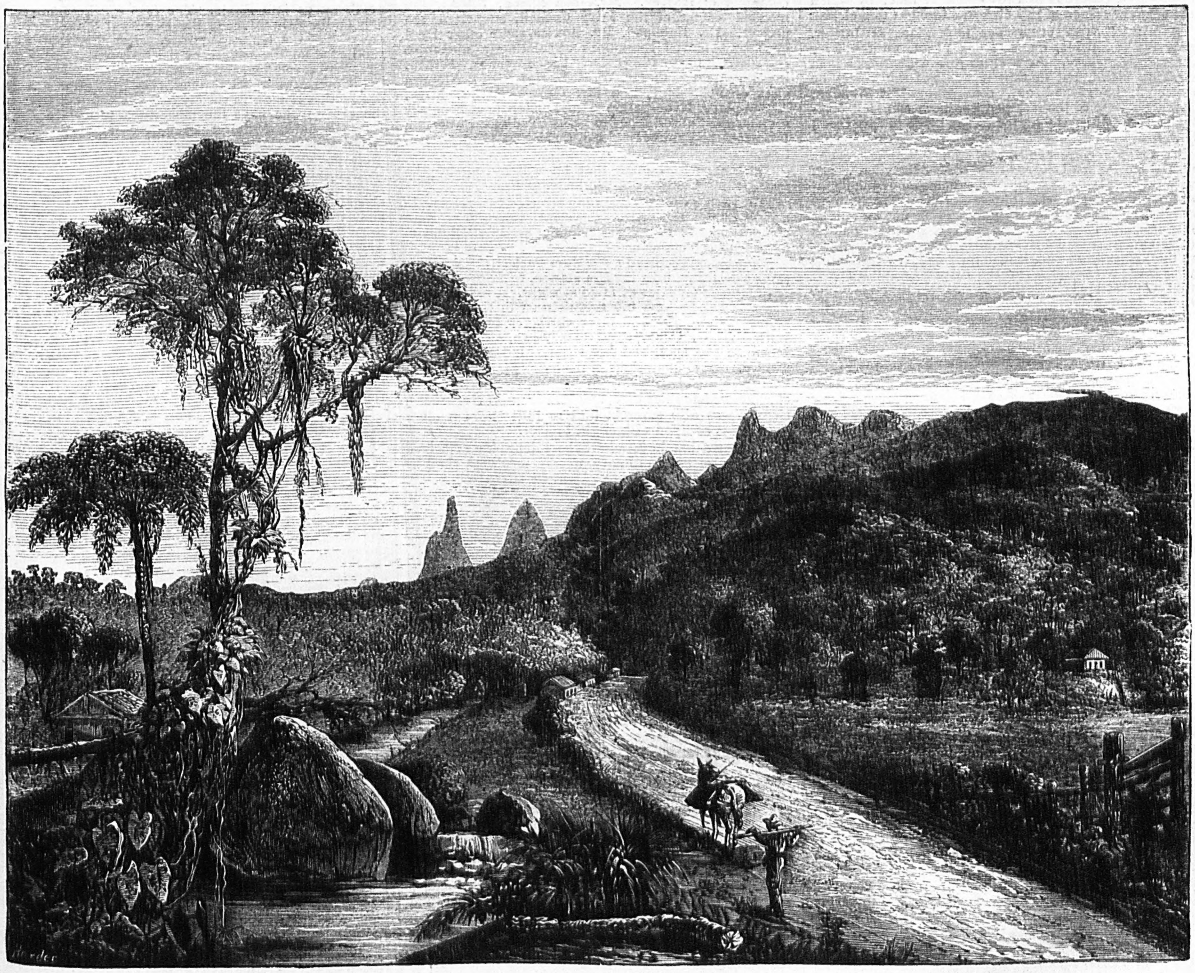
CROMWELL AND HIS DAUGHTER BEFORE THE PICTURE OF CHARLES I.



FRIEDRICH HALM.



DR. MACKENZIE, BISHOP SUFFRAGAN OF LINCOLN.



LA SERRA DOS ORGAOS, BRAZIL.

HOME AND ABROAD.

A FOREIGNER, named Kauffman, described as an importer of foreign goods, was on Saturday fined £30 at the Lambeth Police-court, with the alternative of three months' imprisonment, for having worked an illicit still. He was further sentenced to be imprisoned for six weeks for a violent assault upon a Revenue officer who discovered him at his illegal work.

CASES of cholera continue to occur at Constantinople, but not in an epidemic form. Arrivals from Constantinople are subjected to ten days' quarantine at other Turkish ports.

THE *Avenir Libéral* announces a project to found an Imperialist club, for which already 7,000 signatures have been received in Paris. In an article of the new Bonapartist journal, edited by M. Clément Duvernois, the latter says that the welfare of France can only be assured by the restoration of the Empire. The writer tries to show that no government has done more for the people, nor given greater security to property.

ANOTHER proposed change in the regimental uniform of the Royal Artillery is under trial at Woolwich, the ordinary trousers and booted overalls having been superseded by knee-breeches and top boots.

SHOULD cholera make its appearance in the metropolis, the *Dreadnought* hospital ship is to be appropriated to the reception of patients. During the small-pox epidemic, of 1,021 sufferers admitted to the ship, 1,018 were discharged as cured, and only three died.

THE Lords of the Admiralty, who recently gave a portion of the dockyard at Woolwich for the formation of a public wharf for the town, have intimated their intention of forming a road thereto, and to the plots about to be offered for public sale.

THE Bishop of Ghent has just published a pastoral letter against the International. He describes the object of that association as the abolition of religion, property, hereditary rights, family, and country.

THE French Commission which was appointed to revise the military promotions has announced that it has concluded its task, so far as relates to the superior officers. This category does not include more than 200 names, and there remain yet to be considered 5,000 other appointments.

THE remains of Mr. Blenkiron, of Middle Park, were interred at the village churchyard of Eltham on Saturday. The attendance of racing people was limited, but the deceased's private friends were represented in large numbers. The hearse was followed by six mourning coaches and several carriages. The body is laid in a vault in the rear of the church, and looked down upon by the slopes of Shooter's-hill.

SOME of the members of the London Rowing Club engaged on Saturday in a twelve-oared race, by which the summer season of this club was brought to a close.

A MELANCHOLY occurrence took place at Jarrow, near South Shields, on Saturday night, on the ferry steamer *Margaret*. Arriving at Jarrow landing, a man went on board, but finding it was not the vessel he expected, he rushed out, coming against William Brindley, mate of the steamer, and both men fell overboard. Notwithstanding the efforts made to save them, both men were drowned.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs that "the French Government, being deeply impressed with the necessity of a speedy conclusion of the negotiations relating to the Alsace-Lorraine Treaty, have during the last two days displayed great activity. The last difficulties appear to have been removed, and an early signature of the treaty is expected." According to the *Telegraph*'s correspondent, "so many difficulties were made at Berlin about the Alsace-Lorraine Treaty that it seemed to be considered necessary that a meeting should take place between Prince Bismarck and M. Thiers, the former having declined to sanction the third article of the modified treaty. It is now, however, reported that, finding M. Thiers inflexible on the subject of the third article, Prince Bismarck has given way, and that the convention now awaits only the signature of the contracting parties."

THE cattle plague is said to be spreading more and more in the north and east of France. It has now invaded the Rhone department, and the Ministry of Commerce is taking steps to arrest its progress.

THE sentence of death passed by the court-martial of Versailles on Gaston, Crémieux, Pelissier, Etienne, and Roux has been commuted to imprisonment for twenty years in a fortified place.

PASSENGERS by the Brindisi route must not expect too much in the way of comfort at night, even if they pay extra for it. A correspondent tells the *Homeward Mail* that the "bed carriages" are all a delusion. He paid in London for through tickets for a party of three, with an understanding that they were to have undisturbed possession of night compartments through Italy. "All we got for paying £10 was a compartment to ourselves, which I might have secured for £6 13s." Brindisi travellers may be glad to be cautioned about this matter. They must be prepared for a dozen fellows rushing in upon them in the course of the night. The extra money paid in Billiter-street to secure a sleeping compartment is thrown away, and ladies who are fortunate enough to get a compartment to themselves, and retire for the night in fancied security, make a great mistake.

THE International Exhibition closed on Saturday. The total number of visitors by payment has been 1,039,186, and 102,968 visits by season tickets raise the gross total to 1,142,154. The greatest number of visitors on any shilling day was on Whit-Monday, when there were 21,946; and the least number was on Friday, the 18th of August, when it fell to 5,198. The financial success has enabled the Royal Commissioners to devote £2,000 to the purchase of selected articles for the nation.

ABD-EL-KADER is, it is stated, coming to Paris from Damascus to visit M. Thiers.

THE Spanish Home Government has at last interfered to suppress the coolie emigration from Macao to Cuba. The Spanish Consul at Macao has now publicly notified the suspension of the introduction of Chinese labourers into the island of Cuba after eight months from April 27, the date of the resolution of the Spanish Government. In the meantime, the consular agents in China are to try their best to induce coolie shippers to at once voluntarily renounce connection with the traffic.

THE Duke of Genoa, who is a midshipman on board the Italian frigate *Italia*, landed at Malta the afternoon of arrival, and, being *incognito*, was surprised to find a guard of honour drawn up to receive him, and a royal salute of twenty-one guns fired on his stepping on shore. The officer administering the government had also sent his carriage to convey the young Prince to the palace. Sir Alfred Horsford received the Prince at the palace and conducted him over the armoury and other places of interest. All official invitations, in accordance with instructions, have been declined, as the Prince is merely serving as an officer on board.

THE French Government has, it appears, 600 millions of francs ready for the payment of the fourth half-milliard of the war indemnity.

THE Committee of the International Society of Workmen at St. Gall have just published a declaration ending with a rather remarkable confession:—"After reflection and the experience of the past, we have come to the conclusion that all these strikes of the workmen rarely obtain the end proposed by those who engage in them."

THE revision of the list of voters in Mid Cheshire has resulted in a total Conservative gain of 233.

THE International Pre-historic Congress assembled at Bologna last week. Many Italian and foreign *savans* were present. Councillor Worsaof spoke in the name of the King of Denmark, and the Prefect in the name of the Government.

THE football season at Eton commenced on Saturday. The annual match at the wall between the Collegers and Oppidans will take place on St. Andrew's Day, the 30th of November.

THE *Athenæum* hears that Mr. Darwin is engaged on a work in which the facial expression of animals will be one of the chief topics discussed.

PRELIMINARY steps have been taken at Folkestone, the birthplace of the illustrious discoverer of the circulation of the blood, to mark the tercentenary of Harvey's birth by the erection of a suitable public monument to his memory. The *British Medical Journal* reports that at a meeting, convened by influential requisition, the Mayor of Folkestone in the chair, Mr. George Eastes, M.B., with whom the movement originates, read an interesting sketch of the life, labours, person, and character of Harvey. Mr. John Simon, F.R.S., the medical officer of the Privy Council, supported the project. Dr. Bateman, Dr. Bowles, and other local gentlemen moved resolutions appointing a numerous committee, nominating Dr. Bence Jones, F.R.S., honorary treasurer; Mr. W. G. S. Harrison, B.A., town clerk of Folkestone, and Mr. George Eastes, M.B., Albion-place, Hyde-park-square, London, joint honorary secretaries. Subscriptions to be received at the Western Branch of the Bank of England, Burlington-gardens, W., to the credit of the fund.

GARIBALDI announces that he will not attend the approaching Congress of Workmen at Rome.

THE Paris police on Saturday arrested two persons in a *café* of the 14th Arrondissement, where they were clandestinely distributing circulars of the Internationale, addressed to workmen.

AN accident occurred a few days back on the Mediterranean Railway, near the Eza station, to the train which left Mentone for Nice at 11.40 at night. A mass of rock had rolled down from the mountain on to the line, and caused the engine and three carriages to run off the rails. Mdlle. Gena, aged twenty-two, of Nice, was killed on the spot, and her sister, Madame Farrand, received severe contusions in the leg. M. Rolland, innkeeper of the same town, aged thirty, received wounds of which he has since died, and M. Praton, of Negropont, Greece, was also severely hurt in the leg. The other passengers escaped with slight bruises.

IT is stated that the London School Board have resolved that some of their ordinary weekly meetings shall be private. The future meetings will be alternately public and private. To the ordinary meeting on Wednesday last the press and the public were not admitted, but the meeting to be held on the 11th inst. will be open.

ACCORDING to *Galignani* the seat which has become vacant in the French Academy, through the death of the Duke de Broglie, is likely to be filled by M. Alexandre Dumas.

THE *Wrexham Advertiser* states that an attempt is being made to obtain a remission of part of the sentence of penal servitude passed upon the Mold rioters in 1869. A petition to Mr. Gladstone for the remission of their sentences is in course of signature.

A PAPER was read a few days ago to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Alf. Grandidier, who, since 1865, has been engaged in exploring Madagascar. The only reliable surveys known of the island are those of the coasts, which measure 1,925 miles. The only route opened was that leading from Audouvourante to Tananariva, the latitude of which latter has been several times determined. Of longitudes there were none. M. Grandidier has come home with a series of 188 latitudes, calculated from numerous circum-meridian altitudes, and 28 longitudes, obtained by means of the distances of lunar apozeniths, or from the occultations of stars by the moon. The island is divided naturally into two parts: the north-eastern, which is all mountains, and the south-western, comparatively flat. There are five chains of mountains, nearly parallel to each other, and sunning from N.N.E. to S.S.W.

IT is contemplated by the late Mr. Solly's former students at St. Thomas's Hospital to erect a memorial to his memory.

THE *Journal de Bruxelles* gives a formal denial to the statement that the Belgian Minister at Paris has been instructed to inform M. Thiers of the Belgian Government's decision not to permit any modifications of a retrograde character to be introduced in the Treaty of Commerce. The same journal adds that the King's Government has received no communication on the subject, and that the Cabinet of Versailles has not officially made known its intention to withdraw from the treaty.

WITH regard to the harvest of 1871 the *Magnet* says the latest reports from all districts do not vary in any material degree from those previously received. Wheat has proved very deficient, and an importation of about 12,000,000 quarters will be necessary to supply our wants, allowing consumption to be at the same rate as last year. Such being the case, a high range of prices may be expected to prevail, especially as France will have to import freely. One redeeming feature is the generally good quality of the produce, the grain being fit for immediate use. All other kinds of grain have yielded well, both in respect to quantity and quality. We regret, however, to notice that the potato disease is spreading, the late rains having fostered its development. Preparations are being made for autumn sowing. Deep cultivation is required, as through various adverse influences the numbers of cattle in England have been reduced, and manure has, in consequence, become scarcer. Messrs. John Rhodes and Sons, referring to hop prospects, remark:—"The English crop is but small, and equivalent to a duty of about £120,000, or 250,000 cwt. It is of variable quality, but by far the larger portion has good brewing worth. Fine and choice hops are scarce, in proportion to the limited

DURING the heat of the battle in the neighbourhood of Aldershot, on the 21st ult., the Small-pox Hospital, erected by the Farnham Board of Guardians, was besieged by a number of troops who were ignorant of the character of the building. The Tower Hamlets Militia were to seek the advantage of its elevated situation for the purpose of firing from the windows upon the advancing enemy. One of the nurses happened to remark that the object of attack was "a small-pox hospital." The expression produced a magical effect; the invaders beat a hasty retreat towards the foot of the hill on which the hospital stands.

A REJOICING of a very interesting character took place last week in the villages of Hersham and Walton-on-Thames, as a commemoration of the successful preservation from the Charity Commissioners of about 230 acres of common land, which is now being cultivated by the cottagers.

THE *Journal de Genève* publishes a curious account of a banquet given on the 24th by the Italians residing in Switzerland to celebrate the entry of Victor Emmanuel's troops into Rome. The first speakers touched only on the deliverance of the Pontifical States and the downfall of the temporal power. But they were soon succeeded in the tribune by the representatives of the European revolution, and the guests, after having drunk to the overthrow of all thrones, emptied bumpers to the destruction of modern society and the extermination of the classes who have the misfortune to displease the International. A native of Geneva in a moment of melodramatic eloquence had united fraternally in his arms and clasped to his breast the flags of the Swiss Confederation, of France, and of Italy, at the same time expressing a wish that those "three great Republics should soon form but one." A French refugee exclaimed: "I repudiate those banners, as every one of them is stained with the blood of the working man." Then, attacking especially the French tricolour, he declared it to be "the flag of shame and cowardice;" the only standard which deserved his sympathy being that of the International. "It is," he said, "the one that must henceforth reign alone. Let the others be taken and dipped in the blood of tyrants, who have created a deep abyss between themselves and the labourers—a vast space that must be filled up by the corpses of the one or the other. If any one should speak to us of conciliation we would reply that it can only be arrived at through destruction."

THE course of French parties in relation to the elections to the Conseils-Généraux is now clearly defined, and there is reason to expect that these elections will have almost the same results as those of July. In some of the southern departments the Radicals will be successful. The Bonapartists calculate upon some successes in the northern departments. In the central, western, and eastern departments the Moderate Republicans and the Conservative Liberals appear to have the best prospects.

OAKEY'S WELLINGTON KNIFE POLISH.—Old knives cleaned constantly with this preparation bear a brilliancy of polish equal to new cutlery. Can be used with any kind of knife-board or knife-cleaning machine. Retail packets 3d. each, and tins 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London.

SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, &C., TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE.—*Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmith's Soap* is guaranteed to be free from mercury or any other injurious ingredients too often used in the manufacture of plate powder. Tablets 6d. each, by all grocers, ironmongers, brushmakers, chemists, &c. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London. [309

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and, he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 32. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslin, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring or summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley.

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in 1829.
Office—No. 2, BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER.

TRUSTEES.
The Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Archbishop of Dublin.
The Bishop Sumner.
The Archdeacon of Maidstone.
Chairman—The Archdeacon of Westminster.
Deputy-Chairman—Robert Few, Esq.
Consulting Actuary—Samuel Brown, Esq.
Actuary—Stewart Helder, Esq.
Physician—Dr. Stone, 13, Vigo Street.
Secretary—Matthew Hodgson, Esq.

Total existing assurances	£4,912,205	0	0
Total annual income	198,314	2	6
Total funds	1,891,915	12	7
Bonus allotted to members at the eighth quinquennial division of profits	280,000	0	0
Bonus reserve fund	45,453	15	5

No agents employed, and no commission paid.

For the year ended 31st May, 1871, 426 proposals, assuring £353,345, and yielding in annual premiums £11,728 4s., were completed; and, notwithstanding the large reductions in the premiums made by bonus in every fifth year from 1831 to 1866, both inclusive, the fund accumulating for the purpose of meeting future claims was, after payment of all outgoings, increased in the year by £106,674 9s. 9d.

The Forty-Second Annual Report, forms of proposal, and the accounts prepared pursuant to the "Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870," may be had on application at the office personally, or by letter.

Clergymen and their wives, and the relations of clergymen and their wives, are invited to make life assurances in this Society.

THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields. Instituted 1799.

Incorporated 1826.
Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President.
His Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
Vice-Presidents.
The Right Rev. Samuel, Lord Bishop of WINCHESTER.
The Right Honourable the Lord TEIGNMOUTH.
ROBERT S. HOLFORD, Esq.
Treasurer.
SAML. RICHARD BOSANQUET, Esq.
Bankers.
Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., 73, Lombard Street.

The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase of the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

The power to benefit them is in that large-hearted English sympathy which is so ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to help and soften the afflictions of humanity, the exercise of which has for more than half a century so eminently characterised the support of the School for the Indigent Blind.

The Committee have contracted for the purchase of twelve acres of land at the Caterham Junction of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (fronting the line) for the site of the intended new Schools, and the addition thereto (if funds can be obtained) of an Asylum.

Proximity to the metropolis, facility of intercourse, and healthful conditions, induce the belief that the site will prove to be a very eligible selection.

Donations are therefore solicited, and will be received by Messrs. Bosanquet & Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; by Mr. Grueber, 5, Billiter Street, E.C.; and by the Chaplain, the Rev. B. G. Johns, at the School.

All Cheques and Post Office Orders are requested to be crossed "Bosanquet & Co.," the Blind School Asylum Fund.

THOS. GRUEBER,
Secretary and Solicitor to the Corporation,
5, Billiter Street, E.C., August 25, 1871.

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

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1870.				1871.		
£36,165	8	10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139	2	0
27,554	3	4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243	16	10
13,111	11	1	Losses	22,766	17	7
7,555	10	6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336	11	2
17,067	10	4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869	14	2
68,492	10	4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294	14	2

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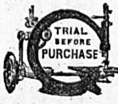

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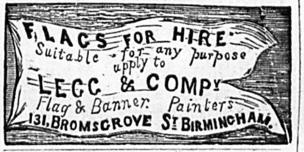
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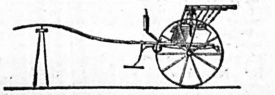

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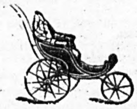

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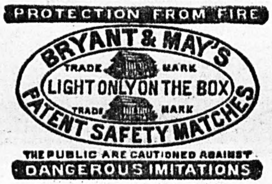
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